The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1909.

The Week.

Senator Dolliver has been most usefully applying a little Western bluntness and honesty to the tariff debate. His exposure of the way in which the cotton and wool schedules have been dictated by the very men who hope to make money out of them, and of the tricks and devices and robberies with which they are stuffed, has been most effective. And the ridicule which he poured upon Senator Aldrich was refreshing. The nettled Rhode Island Senator retorted, of course, that Senator Dolliver was only a Democrat in disguise, had private grievances to avenge, and had got his information from wicked importers; but that is only the usual abuse visited upon a Republican who dares to tell the truth about the tariff. What the country wants to know is, not what Mr. Dolliver's motives may be, but whether the facts are as he states them. Is it true, as he says, that the manufacturers who disgusted the Ways and Means Committee with their hoggish demands, went to Aldrich and got permission from him to write their own clauses in the tariff? Is it the fact that the effect of the Aldrich bill would be to condemn the masses of the people to pay more for poorer clothing? If tariff rapacity is proposing to palm off shoddy and cotton as all wool, it is well that the nation should know it. For Aldrich to insinuate personal grudges and party disloyalty is of no use either to him or his cause or his clients. What has to be done is squarely to meet Senator Dolliver's charges.

It is, we think, mainly in this same line of exposure of tariff facts that the most is to be expected from a Tariff Commission, if we ever get one. The New York Chamber of Commerce has gone on record in favor of the commission plan, and business opinion everywhere seems to be veering to it. There is a certain promise of usefulness in the project, but let no man delude himself into thinking that we are going to have the tariff taken out of politics immediately, or get anything like a non-partisan or scientific framing of customs duties. Until Republicans learn new methods of electing a President and carrying Congress, and until a number of their influential leaders pass from the scene, we shall have the tariff kept in politics because the politicians believe it pays to keep it there. Yet an able and honest Tariff Commission could serve as a kind of perpetual blister upon high-tariff backs. It could collect information and exhibit correct inferences, showing just how tariff stupidities work and how tariff robberies find their victims. As a means of rousing popular indignation, as well as instructing public opinion, and possibly even of shaming Congress into doing something to cure demonstrated evils, a Tariff Commission might have a valuable function.

Already the Sugar Trust stood before the country as about the most despicable thief that ever sneaked and pilfered and lied, but its action in sanctimoniously discharging its seven employees who have been indicted for complicity in its frauds upon the government, sounds an even lower depth of meanness. These subordinates must have acted under orders. It was not into their pockets that the stealings from the public revenues went, but into the pockets of the rich officers and owners of the Sugar Trust. This was the irrefragable conclusion arrived at by both judge and jury, when the test case was tried. Hence for the Trust now virtuously to dismiss from its service mere tools, with the protest that it is "anxious to punish the guilty," while not a word is said or a step taken by the chief beneficiaries of the larceny, is to stamp it as not only without a soul, but without ordinary perceptive faculties or common decency.

Fashions in battleships change as certainly as the style of women's hats. When Ericsson brought out the Monitor a revolution was at hand not only in the change of materials and the use of armor, but in the effort to show nothing above water, except a "cheese-box on a raft." This style lasted for some years and remains to-day the best. But the English navy reverted to its high sides, iron walls succeeding the wooden that made Britannia mistress of the seas—and our own Navy Department imitated the British when it began to rebuild the navy in 1882, and has been imitating it ever since. But now after the world cruise of our fleet, the fashion is changing again. Bow ornaments, some of the boats, and deck-houses are to go. "Much of the material," it is reported to-day, "which has hitherto made the main deck of a battleship an overcrowded platform has been placed below deck out of sight and range." Thus does the whirligig of time bring its revenges. We may yet live to see the new and monstrous masts that disfigure our craft disappear, and genuine honor paid to Ericsson by returning to his plans. In these days of artificial ventilation hundreds of feet underground, there can no longer be the excuse that the monitors cannot be made habitable for their crews. Naval engineering has solved far more difficult problems. And Ericsson's truth, that a fighting ship should show as small an above-water mark as possible, remains irrefutable.

"Recall" elections threaten to become epidemic on the Pacific Coast. Not to be outdone by Los Angeles, Estacada, Ore., is about to recall, on petition of 50 per cent. of the voters, both the Mayor and Council. Meanwhile, Los Angeles herself, having got the habit, cannot leave it off. The new Mayor is at loggerheads with the Civil Service Commission, and has called upon its members to resign. As they have shown less alacrity than Falstaff in sinking, Mayor Alexander has asked the Council to remove them. In case the Council does not agree, it is proposed to force it to action by "recall" proceedings against recalcitrant members. To this it is retorted that, if such a course is attempted, the Council will compel a "recall" election on Mayor Alexander himself. At this rate, Los Angeles promises to involve herself in a "recall" carnival which will eclipse the Seattle Exposition in magnitude and variety before the summer is over.

We bespeak for Gen. Sherman's family letters in the May *Scribner's* a wide

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reading in the South, where the strong feeling against that General shows few signs of diminishing. Sheridan has been forgiven; Grant is mildly sneered at. But mention of Sherman still opens floodgates of bitterness. He was a purloiner of silver; his soldiers spared neither women nor children; he burned towns that had not offended and cities that had surrendered, and he spared not even the convents occupied by women of his own religious faith. Well, Gen. Sherman always admitted that his was a ruthless military hand. What Sheridan undertook to do in the Shenandoah valley, to impoverish it so that a crow flying across it must take his rations on his back, Sherman did wherever he went. He was bound that the South should know war in its worst forms, and thus bring irresistible pressure to bear on the Confederacy. When he cut loose on his March to the Sea, both policy and necessity dictated his sweeping clean the country that he passed over:

> They no longer call my army "Cowardly Yanks," but have tried to arouse the sympathy of the civilized world by stories of the cruel barbarities of my army. The next step in the progress will be, "for God's sake spare us; we must surrender." When that end is reached we begin to see daylight. . . .

Now, the man who wrote this was at heart no barbarian, no hater of the South. He had lived there for years—a fact which gave him not only unusual knowledge of localities, but also of Southern character. He yielded to no one in admiration for the pertinacity and bravery with which the South fought, and he records that sentiment in these letters. He opposed the introduction of negro troops into the army because he knew how such action would humiliate the South. He took the best care of the families of three rebel generals, Hardee, McLaws, and G. W. Smith, when they were directly entrusted to him, and he complains in Savannah that "the women here, as in Memphis, are disposed to usurp my time more from curiosity than from business. They had been told of my burning and killing until they expected the veriest monster. . . ." But most striking of all is this passage from a letter of June 26, written in the field near Marietta, Georgia:

> To realize what war is, one should follow our track. . . . Though not conscious of danger at this moment, I know the country swarms with thousands who would shoot me, and thank their God they had slain a monster; and yet I have been more kindly disposed to the people of the South *than any general officer of the whole army.*

Whatever else may be said about these letters, their frankness and their clear evidence that Sherman entertained no illusions about himself, was to be caught by no political net, and knew exactly what were his greatest military achievements, make them exceptionally valuable as historical material.

It is certainly a vexing state of affairs in Porto Rico which led to President Taft's message to Congress Monday. The Porto Rican Assembly has refused, both in the regular and in an extraordinary session, to vote the money necessary to carry on the government of the island. It is not a question of withholding certain appropriations, or of directing how given supplies shall be expended, but of denying the funds absolutely necessary to keep the courts and the schools open. This is too much like that childish spirit which has now and again been manifested in Cuba, and which leads a political party, or a public body, to say that if it can't have its own way, it "won't play with you any more." The Porto Rican Assembly, of course, desired to bring the Council to terms in certain matters in dispute between them. But it must find some means of doing this other than paralyzing the entire government. To attempt that, is not to exercise the power of the purse; it is to act out of spite and recklessness. The readiest way of meeting this foolish obstinacy is by some such amendment to the Porto Rican Act as President Taft proposes—namely, to legalize appropriations on the basis of the preceding year, whenever the Assembly declines to vote them for a coming twelvemonth. That would both meet the case and would be better than Bismarck's method of making his own military budget, after the Prussian Parliament had refused to vote it.

No more fitting memorial to Dr. William T. Bull could be found than the great research fund which is to be raised in his name. But this skilled surgeon's death under the very disease which he had fought in so many a clinic should be looked upon only as an occasion for doing what ought to have been done, had he lived. Less for honor to the departed than out of mercy to sufferers living and yet unborn, the campaign against hidden and remorseless scourges should be pushed to the last outpost that money, science, and heroism can reach. Every day a new cure for cancer or some other malignant disease is heralded, and on the next surgeons shake their heads, while trusting patients grasp at the empty promise in a last desperation. Every day the keenest, wisest expert guesses—and gives up. To end the tragedy, the half-million dollars which the memorial committee seeks would be a trifling sum. Even though it does not bring us to the full solution of all the mysteries, it will help to carry us farther on the way. Its income will not have to be spent for hospitals, instruments, or other accessories, but wholly for investigations under the eyes of our first specialists, many of whom will serve as unpaid advisers.

Despite the recent split in the English Labor party, a Labor candidate was elected to Parliament last week in the Attercliffe division of Sheffield. This constituency in 1906 returned a Liberal, who had 6,523 votes to 5,736 for his Conservative rival. In the bye-election just held, there were four candidates, and a great breaking up of the electorate. The Labor party led the poll with 3,531, next came the Conservatives with 3,380, the Liberals followed with 3,175, while an Independent Conservative had 2,803. If the Conservatives had stood together, it is clear that they would have won the seat; but the really significant thing is the inability of the Liberals and the Laborites to combine, as they did in 1906. Should this divisive force persist in the next general election, the triumph of the Conservatives will be all the more certain. Keir Hardie and three other prominent Labor members of Parliament resigned a few days ago from the National Administrative Council of their party, on the ground that its control was falling into the hands of avowed and extreme Socialists. But so far as Sheffield goes, this breach in the party has not affected its voting power.

Mr. Asquith has added Welsh disestablishment to the list of his burdens. The bill to that purpose which he introduced into the House of Commons a few

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days ago, has strong backing, of course; so strong, in fact, that the Ministry has been accused of taking up the measure largely for the purpose of stirring up Nonconformist zeal in general support of the government. But opposition is making itself felt. A Royal Commission has been taking testimony on the subject. From the commission's figures, the government argues that an established Church which counts less than 180,000 adherents, as against nearly 600,000 members of other churches, presents a situation analogous to that which compelled disestablishment in Ireland. The accuracy of the government's figures has been questioned. However, the principal argument against the bill is that it calls for disendowment as well as disestablishment. That is, the Church in Wales is not only to lose its future income from the state, but is to be deprived of its ancient holdings, which are to be used by the state for secular purposes. Such a measure would place the Anglican clergy at a decided disadvantage, as compared with the free churches which have built up endowments for the support of their ministry. The former would have to be provided for afresh. Yet it should not be hard to arrange a compromise. Nonconformists may argue that a disestablished church cannot hold on to property acquired as a state church in the past. But on the sins of the past England has never been hard.

Rumors of the approaching fall of the Stolypin Ministry, the dissolution of the third Duma, and the return of the extreme reactionaries to power, flow in steadily from St. Petersburg. There have been writers who tried to show that the Czar is not the weak creature he is popularly believed to be. But given the opportunity, Nicholas II, ruler by the grace of God over one hundred and fifty million Russians, seldom fails to show that he does not know his own mind and his own interests. Otherwise it is impossible to understand how there can be talk of dismissing the man who in less than three years may be said almost to have saved the Czar's Empire for him by quelling a revolution and inducting the nation into the difficult forms of constitutional practice. The kind of order that M. Stolypin has restored is, naturally, the old Russian brand, the "order" of the scaffold and the knout. But that he has succeeded is attested by the very fact that his enemies, the reactionaries, should consider themselves sufficiently out of the woods to start plotting against him. Everything is possible in Russia, where political intrigue, to attain its own ends, stops short of nothing. The Azeff affair has shown the police of St. Petersburg working at the assassination of governors-general and grand dukes, when it suited the interests of the police.

The Shah took nearly half a dozen oaths of fealty to the first Persian Constitution before he revoked it. There are more substantial guarantees behind the new Constitution which he proclaimed last week. Foreign intervention is now a fact. Russia is in occupation of Tabriz, and if England has not been active, it is because the situation in southern Persia, which falls within her sphere of influence, has not become sufficiently serious. Unchecked optimism as to the future of Liberalism in Persia is not yet in place. A Constitution upheld by Russian bayonets is reasonably certain to turn out a pretty tame Constitution. But, on the other hand, it shows how firmly the principle of political liberty has taken root even in the benighted Orient, that Russia should find it politic and necessary to urge any kind of Constitution upon the Shah. The heroic stand made by the Nationalists at Tabriz proves that the fatalistic, stubborn temper of the East may be turned to the uses of a good cause as of a bad one, of liberty and progress as of reaction. It is easy for Western Europe, from the safe anchorage of Parliamentary habit, to sneer or feel discouraged at the pitiful flounderings of the Orient's infant Parliaments. We are apt to forget that such pangs invariably accompany the birth of institutions.

The reëstablishment of the Constitution in Persia should help the Liberal cause in Turkey. Partisans of the old régime may argue, of course, that the Constitutionalists have brought foreign intervention upon Persia, and will do the same for the Ottoman Empire. But against this is the argument of established fact. A Constitution there is in Persia; the Shah tried to do away with it on the ground that it was irreconcilable with the Moslem faith, and his Moslem subjects rose up against him. This supposed incompatibility of Islam with free institutions is worked pretty hard these days. The Koran stands for absolutism; the Mohammedan believer will die for the Koran; therefore, etc. But the "therefore" does not follow by any means. We must take it for granted that the Moslem, like the Christian and the Jew, is primarily a human being. As such his religion shapes itself to his human needs and aspirations. There is no Sacred Book which has not been "interpreted" in accordance with certain elementary requirements of the practical reason. Give the Liberals in Turkey a free hand for a score of years, and they will bring up a generation that will find in the Koran every sanction for Parliamentary government. It is fair to argue that the Turkish nation may be too ignorant, or too poor, or too much torn up by racial feuds to be fit for Parliamentary government. But to cite the Koran as an insuperable barrier to liberty is absurd.

Alfred H. Harrison, the Arctic explorer, reaffirms in the *Nineteenth Century* his belief in the success of any Arctic expedition which is willing to sit down on the ice and drift with the leisurely Polar current. He proposes to place on the ice, off Pulen Island, in October of this year, or in 1910, three years' supplies, after careful transport down the Mackenzie River, and then to await results. According to calculations based on the voyage of casks placed within the circular drift current, Mr. Harrison feels sure that he will float right across the centre of the Arctic Ocean within easy striking distance of the Pole, and will finally emerge in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, where additional supplies will be awaiting him. The history of Arctic travel convinces him that the ice in itself has never presented any insurmountable difficulty. Of all those who have made regular ice-journeys, but one party has perished. The real cause of the many disasters has been, not the endeavor to make well-equipped ice-journeys, but the attempt to reach land in the summer, when compelled by lack of food. He insists that his party can, when drifting, be made perfectly comfortable in Eskimo houses, and that if he gets his provisions safely cached on the ice, the attainment of the Pole and the exploration of the unknown region "are merely a matter of slow and steady advance."

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A NEW POLITICAL ALIGNMENT.

It was no mere chance that ten Republican Senators from the West were found voting with all the Democratic Senators from the South, in a division in the Senate last week. That junction was a temporary sign of permanent and deep-seated political sympathies. It has had many manifestations before, and, unless all signs fail, will have even more striking ones in the future. Several other Western Republican Senators are restless. Six or seven in addition are reported as ready to unite with Southern Democrats when certain test votes on the tariff are taken. It is a kind of tacit political alliance which cuts across party lines, because the things which these groups of men in different parties have in common draw them together more powerfully than mere traditional partisan names and policies are any longer able to keep them asunder. We may have before our eyes the forming of a new alignment which will be critical in our future political history.

Any one can see that the West and the South have many interests and ideas in common. Certain divisive questions, like slavery and its sequels, may serve to keep them apart, but when the force of such issues is spent, the natural tendency to union asserts itself. Physically, the two sections are close to each other, and the natural lines of communication and trade unite them. The Mississippi still flows from the Northwest to the South. And in recent years, railway development has been pushed as notably in lines roughly parallel to the river, as at right angles to it. Moreover, the improvement of Southern harbors, like Galveston and Newport News, has tended to make the great commerce flow as do the rivers. And in addition to this natural and acquired linking of trade, there has been a marked drawing together of West and South in political conceptions, in that instinctive attitude of the masses of the population, which makes up the true driving force in politics. The two regions are alike in being radical politically, and in being more like each other than either is like New England or the East in general.

In 1896, this inherent identity of feeling between the South and the West had a formidable manifestation, and was nearer to proving its political mastery than at the time we liked to think. Mr. Bryan staked his all, in the Presidential campaign of that year, on winning enough Western States from the Republicans to make up, with the Southern, an electoral majority. The plan was shrewdly conceived, and was not so far from proving successful. Bryan carried a list of Western States that included Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming. It is foolish to dismiss that array as merely "mining camps." The silver question was, of course, the great issue, and was what defeated Bryan; but behind silver, even in that campaign, stood the mightier political force of class antagonism, a spirit of sectional revolt which was at the same time a spirit of sectional unity. And it is no insignificant circumstance that, to-day, Republican Senators from some of those Bryan States—Nebraska and Kansas, for example—are standing shoulder to shoulder with Southern Democrats. With free silver shelved, the old *idem sentire de republica* is declaring itself again.

This time, too, the ostensible issue is not the deep and effectual reason for the union. Westerners are snapping party ties on the question of the tariff, partly because they resent its burdens and injustices, but more because they are jealous of New England wealth, and of the capital of New York and the Middle States, which appear to them to be using Senator Aldrich as an amanuensis to write out tariff dictation. The revolt is really that of the radical West and South against the conservative East. It was no casual thing that Western Senators pointed out and denounced the dominance of New England Senators in the Finance Committee of the Senate, and in other powerful committees of that body. There spoke a sectional distrust and dislike which may be prophetic of a sweeping readjustment of parties, before many years have passed.

That it will surely come, we should not think of being so rash as to predict. But its possibility lies open to the gaze of everybody. The breach may not occur over the tariff. Senator Aldrich has such glittering bribes in his hand that he may be able to buy the needed votes. But with the tariff either out of the way or in the way, the tendency we have indicated remains, and will have to be reckoned with. That it has entered into the remote calculations of President Taft, is not at all impossible. His openly conciliatory policy towards the South, his announced intention of travelling extensively in the West, his advocacy of the income tax, by which both South and West have long sworn, may be without special meaning, yet they are the kind of thing a far-sighted President, looking to his own succession, would be apt to do if he saw, or thought he saw, the forming of a political alliance that would shatter and destroy old party combinations.

FINANCE AND RESPONSIBLE MINISTRIES.

After months of discussion in the Reichstag, in the press, and by the public, the German financial muddle is apparently worse than ever. A sane and comprehensive plan of rescuing the Empire from its embarrassments seems as far off as in December, though the impatience of the country grows daily. A group of prominent men has petitioned the Reichstag to do something quickly, for the deficit does not stand still while the politicians wrangle. The Chancellor and his Finance Minister are wholly unable to find the way out. They are paying the penalty for having conceded so much hitherto to certain favored interests, primarily the landowners and the manufacturers. These pampered classes have become so accustomed to believing they own the government that they angrily resent any effort to compel them to bear a larger burden of taxation, the proposed heavy inheritance taxes in particular.

In this respect, the situation at Berlin is analogous to that at Washington. The protected manufacturers and "standpat" politicians are infuriated at the idea of any reduction of the profits made by the beneficiaries of our tariff, and are endeavoring by hook or by crook, by this cleverly concealed joker or that innocent-looking specific duty, to trick both the public and those leaders, like Mr. Taft, who desire a little mercy for the ultimate consumer. Have they not bought and paid for the Republican party's success, with the understanding that their purses shall be well filled in return? It is precisely the same in Berlin. The Prussian *Junker*, the capitalists who own thousands of acres of land, the nobles who have reserved for themselves a great majority of the choicest

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positions in the army, the navy, and the civil service, are outraged that they should be asked to pay the heaviest taxes. It matters not to them that the enormous deficit is the result of policies they have so long dictated, or that true patriotism would prompt their coming now to the rescue. They have planted their feet like so many stubborn mules, and balked—thus far so successfully that the imperial German nation presents to the outside world the extraordinary spectacle of being unable to regulate its own budget and make its income meet its outgo.

It is not only Von Bülow's having in the past bound and delivered himself into the hands of the favored classes that has made it possible for them to block the way; it is the absence of a responsible party Ministry. When the crisis between the Chancellor, the Kaiser, and the Reichstag arose last autumn, the Radicals pointed out that this was the opportunity for the Reichstag to refuse to vote supplies, unless it obtained the right to decide what Ministers should supervise expenditures. But the Reichstag committee to which this Constitutional question was referred produced nothing. Now, however, Von Bülow himself must see that on his side there would be advantages were he the chosen Prime Minister of a really strong party. His ill-assorted "block" fails him when he most needs it, so that the belief is growing in Berlin that he must again dissolve the Reichstag and take the chance of further Socialist successes—or ask the Socialists, whom the Kaiser has branded as traitors, to help him pass the inheritance-tax proposals. So far is he from being master of the "block" that it seems to have mastered him. And it can only add to his and the country's intense mortification to see how Mr. Lloyd-George is grappling with his problem, across the Channel. Indubitably, the new English budget is in some aspects Socialistic and revolutionary; but it has been presented by a virile leader; strong in the consciousness of a great party behind him—and, most important of all, unhampered by protected industries. He can lay the burden of taxation squarely upon those best able to afford it. The rich landowners may wriggle if they please; they hold no mortgage upon Mr. Asquith's Ministry.

This lack of direct Parliamentary responsibility in Germany again affords a parallel with our own plight. We have no system of budget-making, no scientific effort to present annually estimates of expenditure and of income. In the current tariff debate, Senator Aldrich has met all questions as to how he can pay the increased expenses of government with a possibly decreased revenue, by the cheerful promise to cut appropriations. This is one of the good intentions with which the road to the financial Inferno of nations is paved. Just twelve years ago, Speaker Reed wrote that Senator Allison agreed with him that "never in our experience has there been such a rush on their part [the public's] for appropriations as now, when income is too small by fifty or sixty millions." Billion-dollar Congresses create an appetite that grows with feeding at the government trough, and that is not readily checked even in bad times or by a startling deficit. Reckless extravagance makes the nation reckless of its credit, and absurdly overconfident that the way out of any difficulty can easily be found.

"I welcome any discussion," wrote Mr. Reed in the same private letter, "which would create responsible government somewhere." Certainly, there is no responsible government anywhere in Germany. The Chancellor is chosen by the Emperor; his sympathies may be with any political party, with several, or with none. If the Reichstag rebukes him, and the Kaiser is willing, he tries to bribe a new coalition to give him what he wants. But the day of reckoning has come in Von Bülow's present helplessness. The only question is whether he shall dissolve Parliament, or whether he can buy, beg, or compromise his way to some half-hearted, half-way scheme of financial reform.

THE FRENCH STATE EMPLOYEES.

The Parisian postal and telegraph workers, by organizing themselves as a trade-union which claims, under the law of 1884, the right to strike, bring squarely before the French Cabinet and Parliament a problem which the government has hitherto been content to attack through diplomacy and political manipulation, but upon which it now must definitely legislate. The situation in France is serious but as yet there is no cause for the cry of revolution. In the first place, it remains to be shown just how strong the sentiment is behind the labor leaders who have issued this defiance of the government. Dispatches from Paris agree that the state employees are not a unit in seeking a clash. Many oppose the idea of a general strike. Some are even opposed to the formation of a syndicate or trade-union. "Others believe that a congress representing all classes of employees alone would be qualified to decide the question." From the haste with which the new union was organized and publicly announced, it would be almost as correct to say that the French postal clerks and telegraph operators have had a union formed for them, as that they have formed themselves into a union. The project seems to have been launched by a number of leaders who have been deliberately baiting the government and who have been suspended from the public service.

Nevertheless, the question whether the servants of the state shall have the right to hamper or completely block the service of the state has been put and must be answered. The French Chamber has been dallying with bills on the subject. It must now get to work in earnest. The question as usually treated has two aspects: the trade-union phase and the revolutionary phase. Shall the state employees be allowed to strike? And shall the state employees be allowed to revolt? The second phase is the more prominent in the public mind. In the campaign which the noted General Confederation of Labor is conducting against the government and against the entire social system of the present, the state functionaries have been counted upon to play an important part. But from the practical point of view, this revolutionary aspect may, for the time at least, be put aside. When it comes to revolution, there is no longer any question of right or wrong. If the state employees in France have come to look forward to a general strike as a means of subverting the existing social order, they may prepare for that great event just as well through their present organization into mutual benefit associations as through unions formally endowed with the right to strike. We must take it for granted, therefore, that the impelling cause in the present agitation is still predominantly a peaceful

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one. If the men in the post-offices and telegraph bureaus desire to strike, it is probably for the good old reason of securing higher wages, easier hours, and improved conditions of labor.

The problem is one that confronts every government that has gone extensively into the employment of labor. It confronts the governments of Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia, as well as of France. All but the first have had the question on their hands in more or less acute form. In Russia, the great railway strike of 1905 forced a Constitution from the Czar. In Austria, a few years ago, the imminence of a general strike wrested from the government a grant of universal suffrage. The Italian railways have had years of chronic disorder, in the course of which the theory of the "pacific" strike—the strike which consists in doing one's work as dilatorily and as badly as possible—was carried to a high state of perfection. Prussia alone has been untroubled, because in Prussia alone the iron military discipline keeps the government service—schools and municipal bureaus, as well as railways and post-offices—free from every kind of revolutionary taint. But neither the historical tradition of France nor the spirit of the French people admits of rigid Prussian discipline. Democratic principles must be allowed free play at the cost of an explosion.

How far is the present French government willing to go? M. Clemenceau has left no doubt of his position on the specific question of state employees and the right to strike. In Parliament and out he has rejected the claim as absurd. It would make the servants of the state its masters, and put tremendous power into the hands of individuals responsible to no recognized organ of the state. A little more than a week ago, at the unveiling of the Gambetta monument at Nice, M. Clemenceau summed up the case of order and common-sense against the advocates of revolution, philosophical and other:

> A nation cannot live on philosophy. Society cannot halt in its path at the command of an individual to make way for the fallible prophets of the future. The present has its rights, and the present means the ordered life of every citizen within the framework of the law. Undoubtedly, there are in democracies, as in every other form of government, crises of varying duration and intensity. Too many men have been spoiled by a régime of violence for the rational enjoyment of freedom. Their difficulty is to see that one who would impose respect for his personal liberty on his neighbor must begin by imposing on himself respect for his neighbor's personal liberty. How much worse, then, does the evil grow if the servants of the state, representative of the power of the state, prove false to their primary duty, abandon their posts, and turn against the nation the power which was confided to them for its service! A society that would tolerate such a condition of things would go down to its destruction in the midst of universal contempt.

Issue, therefore, has been clearly joined between the Clemenceau Ministry and the extremists among the labor leaders.

The way out seems to lie, as we have said, through legislation which shall specifically prohibit the right to strike, while conceding to public servants an increased share in the shaping of administrative policy in so far as it concerns their own condition. That the unions shall dominate their superiors is out of the question. M. Clemenceau has declared that Ministers must continue responsible to Parliament, and not to their employees. But, after all, in every democracy, a minister, a mayor, or a commissioner is responsible in measure to every subordinate of his who has a vote. In this country, we sometimes hear of bills being passed because the letter-carriers or school-teachers insist. In lieu of this indirect system of self-government among government employees, France might well hit upon some direct form of coöperation between government employees and their superiors.

HAMMOND LAMONT.

With the deepest sorrow and an overwhelming sense of personal loss, we record the death of Hammond Lamont. Such qualities as he possessed make his friends feel that silence and bowed heads are the best form of tribute. Especially under the first shock of his unexpected and untimely end, cut off, as he was, cruelly in the meridian of his powers and usefulness, are his associates inclined simply to say:

> What else in life seems piteous any more,
> After such pity?

Mr. Lamont had an intellect that ranged free and wide. His mental vigor was what first impressed men making his acquaintance. Penetrating, incisive, clear, and sane, his reason was a fine organ of truth. His favorite studies and largest attainments were in English literature, of which he possessed extensive knowledge, kept in order by a judgment of extraordinary balance and clarity. In educational matters, he was thoroughly versed. His writings upon the problems of school and college and university compelled attention; and his advice and assistance were often sought by college authorities. Known by a multitude of university men, he was prized by them all. But Mr. Lamont had also read eagerly and thought deeply about all the great questions that press upon a modern man with a soul above the clods. In politics, in morals, in that mystery and awe of existence which we call religion, his active mind had sought out fact and built up conviction. And his intellectual honesty was so complete, his detection of fallacy and delusion so instant, his hatred of sham and lies so absolute, that for him the discovery of the truth was the same thing as embracing it, his translation of thought into motive and action being instinctive and instantaneous. It would never have been necessary for a Socrates to bid Mr. Lamont "follow the argument." He was always following it to the end, sweet or bitter. It was this intellectual stanchness of the man, combined with his firm-fibred character and loyalty to friendship, that bound like-minded men to him with hooks of steel.

Mr. Lamont was the son of the Rev. Thomas and Caroline D. Lamont. He was born in Monticello, N. Y., in 1864, and prepared for college in Albany. Entering Harvard with the class of 1886 he was graduated as one of its first scholars, a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and Ivy Orator of his class, besides having made a reputation as a remarkable undergraduate journalist. To newspaper work he naturally turned on graduation, spending two years in Albany journalism and two years as a member of the staff of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. When, in 1892, President Eliot visited Seattle, his attention was attracted by Mr. Lamont's able reporting of his address in that city and by other evidences of unusual ability. Mr. Eliot at once offered him an instructorship in the English department at Harvard, which position he held until called to the department of English at Brown University as associate professor, and, from 1898 on, full professor of rhetoric. He then accepted in 1900 the position of managing editor of the *Evening Post*, which he held for six years with marked success. His regular contributions

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to the editorial page were distinguished by their lucid style, their information, their original humor, and keen irony.

Despite his unsparing journalistic labors, he never lost his interest in the subjects in which he had taught. He edited several well-known college text-books, and published, in 1906, a book entitled "English Composition," which is largely used in the high schools of the country. Shortly before his death he had received most flattering offers from Williams College and from one of the best-known Middle Western State universities to return to the professorial career, and he had, during his connection with the *Evening Post*, declined similar offers from Brown University and Cornell.

On July 1, 1906, with the retirement from the editorship of the *Nation* of the late Wendell Phillips Garrison, Mr. Lamont succeeded him, and applied himself to the new duties with his customary vigor and enthusiasm. Readers of the *Nation* need not be told what admirable qualities he imported into this work.

Death came on the evening of May 6, as the result of an operation to which in advance no great importance was attached. It proved, however, to be so serious that he was unable to rally from the shock. Such consolation as those who mourn him may derive from the thought that his life was filled with militant and honorable striving, they may lay to heart without a single mental reserve. But we know not to-day what healing there is for those who are struck down by his remediless loss, and the tragedy of his end.

FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, May 1.

"Les Unis," by Édouard Rod, is well written, like all the many novels of this distinguished author (Fasquelle). He no longer shows us a world of inherited Calvinism. The "united ones" of his story are the daughters (and their consorts) of a fanatical reformer who rejects for them the subjection of conventional marriage and puts in practice the free unions of the good time coming. He is not conscious that his own rigid moral ideas have their efficiency from that traditional society which he wishes to revolutionize. So, when his sons-in-love and not in-law follow their unrestrained selfishness, profiting by the freedom, which he thought was to regenerate the world, only to ruin and destroy his children's happiness, the stroke is appalling. It is impossible not to see in the defeated patriarch the image of the late Élisée Reclus (though, of course, not of his family). He joined with undisputed eminence in science a social fanaticism which made him the chief prophet of the Anarchist movement. No failure of his disciples to come up to his own moral principles (inherited, by the way, from Calvinist generations) could trouble the fatuity which made him willing to smash the existing world for some non-existent future dreamed of in his philosophy. M. Rod, in likely examples, shows the outcome of such efforts. The story is of intense interest—and it starts up questions than which none can be timelier.

"Le Talion," by Victor Margueritte, like others of the novels of this author and his brother, tells of unhappiness resulting from marriage and from love not legalized and of the revenge which comes from the child (Fasquelle). In the old ideas, marriage was sacred precisely because it protected the lawful child of lawful parents. If the count could be made, how many marriages are there nowadays which do not make for happiness precisely for the same old reason? Why, then, barrow up our feelings by imagined exceptions? And, even if the revolution in laws which the Margueritte brothers seem to desire could be brought about, might not what they regard as freedom come to be worse slavery, particularly for mother and child? Paul Margueritte, who is no longer writing in collaboration with his brother, publishes a volume of stories—"La Lanterne magique" (Plon)—which raise no such moral questions, although they deal with love in a way not usually open to the young person.

"Le Mariage de Mademoiselle Gimel, dactylographe," by René Bazin, accompanied by two short stories, makes up another volume of this writer who so amiably discredits the exclusive meaning long attached to French fiction. It will be all the more sympathetic to Americans, inasmuch as it introduces the girl typewriter into French literature (Annales politiques et littéraires). Another view of marriage—more modern, not so Christian, as old-fashioned folk might say—is that exemplified in "Les Anxiétés de Thérèse Lesieure" (Plon), by Étienne Bricon. The banker's daughter has never had to face the realities of life; and her mixed ideals are not fulfilled in the dull garrison town where she comes to live as a lieutenant's bride. A desperate flirtation—*liaison*, we used to say—with an aristocratic captain does not mend matters. So she begins a correspondence with the sentimental novelist most in fashion. He certainly gives very common-sense spiritual direction; but his penitent finds out that he needs guidance himself because of some uncomfortable actress who has crossed his vision. Naturally, in another's case she sees clearly; and the book, after a first moral alarm, reasons out virtue's excellence in such letters as only French men and women can write.

"Le Reste est silence" (Stock), by a new writer, Edmond Jaloux, is noteworthy from its perfect style and its treatment of a new idea in these love stories. It is the child's impressions of unhappy things which go on before him, beyond all his comprehension. He knows only that his mother is beautiful, that his father is *brave*, but that there are doings of his mother which he must not tell his father. Then the storm breaks before his wondering eyes; and at last the beautiful mother, who has disappeared, comes back broken and humbled, crying out as she kisses frantically her child what she might have known all along from David's psalm in her prayer-book—"All men are liars!"—but mentally reserving, the child must think, the lawful husband whose bravery she has taxed so heavily.

In violent contrast with this delicate shading of a child's impressions of love and life which he cannot understand, we have two roughly brushed pictures of American love as seen by Frenchmen quite as uncomprehending as the child, and with added prejudices and who-knows-what humiliating memories. "Incivilisés" (Juven), by Harry R. Tremont, strikes its keynote in its title. "The author lived long in the United States, where the savory and exact notes which he took enable him to show American women and girls as they are—bold, flirtatious, perverse, and wild." *Merci du peu!* Xavier Torau-Bayle publishes a more neutral novel, "Une Française aux États-Unis" (Mathot), which from the nature of things ought to have pathos.

"Autour de l'amour," by Gaston Rageot, who is a professor and philosopher as well as story-writer, tries in touching examples to prove a startling thesis: Love, which so preoccupies French talk in literature, drama, and life itself, scarcely exists in the modern heart. "We live under the easy rule of adventure and pleasure, which have killed sentiment and even gallantry."

Hate, which is a passion quite as much as love, enters into a number of the new novels. "La Fourmilière" (Flammarion) is by Lucien Alphonse-Daudet, a younger son of the great novelist, who is fain to write, like all the rest of the family. The "ant-hill" is the native provincial town of a painter, who thinks to find refuge there after great sorrow; but he is wounded and stung by village spite until he does away with himself, leaving by will his château and lands to the King of Prussia to revenge himself on his country-

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men. "Sœur Marie-Odile" (Lemerre) is an idyll only shadowed by local hates, with its further dark gloom from disappointed love suddenly illumined by final peace in the convent. The author, Charles d'Ollone, must have known from childhood the scenes he portrays; and his poetic feeling will reach those tourists who have wandered from the lake of Gerardmer to the forests of Alsace and the mountain shrine of St. Odile. "Les Deux Routes" (Perrin), by Paul Tany, shows how the modest and working artist reaches glory and love at last after many meritorious days, while the other—the *arriviste* who would trample every one down in his efforts to find a short cut—ends up properly in Bedlam. In "Les Demoiselles de la poste" (Plon), by Paul Bonhomme, we leave the provinces and Bohemia for the every-day life of towns. That the joys and sorrows of post-office and telephone girls should be made the subject of a French novel, without any of Zola's un-Naturalism, is a sign of many good things, not the least of which is the advance of French society toward sane democracy.

"Le Soldat Bernard" (Fayard), by Paul Acker, is a novel which is not a romance. It is full of urgent timeliness—the thrilling conversion to patriotism of an anti-Militarist during compulsory military service, with what he feels during the attacks of striking workmen on soldiers protecting society as it is. S. D.

Correspondence.

THE "LOST LEAF" OF "PIERS THE PLOWMAN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Two recent letters in the *Nation* (March 25 and April 29) on the text of Passus v of "Piers the Plowman" have reopened a question to the solution of which I should like to contribute some new material. As the whole matter now stands the original hypothesis of Prof. J. M. Manly of the University of Chicago was criticised by Dr. Henry Bradley of Oxford, who presented an alternative theory. This, in turn, was criticised in the *Nation* by Prof. Carleton F. Brown of Bryn Mawr, who offered still another explanation for the condition of the text. In his final letter, to the *Nation* of April 29, Dr. Bradley disposes of Professor Brown's theory, and reverts to his own radical modification of Professor Manly's. I shall try to show that Dr. Bradley's theory is nevertheless unsound, and that Professor Manly's is the most acceptable.

Very briefly, the Manly theory, as stated in *Modern Philology*, January, 1906, is an attempt to account for two gaps or breaks in the text of Passus v of Version A of "Piers the Plowman," one gap after line 106, the other between lines 235 and 236, according to Skeat's numbering. Seven of the 129 lines between the two breaks are spurious, thus reducing the number to 122. According to the theory, these lines occupied the inside two folios (four pages) of a quire, and the breaks before and after were occasioned by the loss of both halves of the leaf next to the innermost.

Dr. Bradley, in the London *Athenæum*, April 21, 1906, argued that the author wrote his first draft on loose sheets or scraps of paper or parchment. One of these, holding lines 236-259, was shifted from the end of Covetousness (line 145) to its present position, where it was copied in by the scribe of an archetypal manuscript. Another sheet, containing the end of the account of Envy and all of Wrath, was lost from between lines 106 and 107. At first sight, indeed, this seems a most tempting suggestion, but there are a number of considerations which render its acceptance impossible.

For one thing, we have little evidence concerning mediæval methods of original composition. Did authors then compose on scraps or in books? The manuscript of the Ormulum, which is the only one I know of that is the (probably) first draft in the author's hand, is made up in such a way that the first quire must have been sewed together before being written on. The other quires were folded together and then filled with writing, in accordance with the regular custom of mediæval copyists in making up manuscripts. Some of the author's changes and additions, however, are on small scraps, which were inserted and sewed in later. It therefore seems that the one author whose practice we know composed in a book, and added his afterthoughts on scraps. If Dr. Bradley's "shifted-leaf" argument tries to avail itself of these inserted scraps, Dr. Bradley must account for the loss of the end of Envy and all of Wrath, as well as for the shift of what seems to him to be the continuation of Covetousness and the sequent Robert the Robber, on the ground that these passages were not in the first draft, but were afterthoughts of the author.

Furthermore, as the account of Covetousness stands in lines 107-145, it forms a complete discourse, rendering unnecessary any further development or addition. In Passus V every complete account of a sin includes a confession, a repentance, and a vow. Covetousness in his turn confesses several varieties of cheating in trade; swears to cease from "that sin" of "regratery"—*i. e.*, "never wickedly to weigh or to use wicked bargaining"; and promises to go with his wife to Walsingham, and to pray the Rood of Bromholm to bring him out of debt. The account thus agrees in structure with all the other complete presentations, and it is therefore unnecessary to assume that it is incomplete. But Dr. Bradley believes that Covetousness is rich, and therefore ought to make restitution. I find nowhere in the description of this sin in this poem any indication that he is rich. In fact, in his last line he says he will pray the Rood of Bromholm to bring him out of debt, implying that no other expiation is needed, or perhaps possible.

Still further, as Professor Brown points out, there is an obvious inconsistency between the vow just paraphrased and the one in line 241, in which whoever is speaking says, "I schal seche Seynt Treuthe er I seo Rome." This inconsistency does not appear to be rightly dismissed with the statement that "it is not perceptible," as Dr. Bradley says it is not to him. It has seemed considerable to several unprejudiced persons of recognized judgment with whom I have discussed it. A vow to undertake a conventional mediæval pilgrimage followed six lines later by a vow to undertake the highly spiritual pilgrimage to the shrine of Truth before seeing Rome—*i. e.*, before undertaking a conventional mediæval pilgrimage—both indulged in by the same person, would appear to involve almost a contradiction. Dr. Bradley himself seems to wish that the second vow were not there, for he suggests that the two lines containing it "may be spurious, as they seem to be an echo of vii, 93-94." This attempt to remove the inconsistency rests upon pure assumption. Lines 241-242 are attested in the critical text by all the evidence.

In order to support his own theory as opposed to Brown's, Dr. Bradley suggests and replies to a possible argument of Brown's. It might be contended, he says, that Robert belongs after Sloth, because the penitent thief is "the stock example of an argument against wanhope, as resulting from sloth." But, replies Dr. Bradley to the hypothetical objection, "In the preceding lines nothing has been said about 'wanhope' (*i. e.*, despair) as a consequence of sloth." He has failed to notice that in line 225, in advising Sloth, Vigilate says, "Beware of wanhope, who wishes to betray thee." The hypothetical objection to the Bradley shift is therefore in full force.

Dr. Bradley points out the direct inconsistency involved in Professor Brown's proposed transposition of lines 236-241. There is additional, and even stronger, evidence in lines 242-243, where the poet says that Robert looked on Reddite, and, because there was not wherewith, he wept full sore.

There is no doubt that lines 236-241 belong before the confession of Robert the Robber, and not after it. But it does not seem to me that they are therefore to be understood as being joined more closely in sense with the end of Covetousness, rather than with the beginning of Robert. Professor Manly, in his first article, has already suggested that they are the last part of the introduction of Robert. In what setting then do they probably occur?

Only four of the six sins in the A version are developed *in extenso*. Three of these receive a direct suggestion to repentance, or even as to the form of the vow. Repentance urges Envy, Gluttony's wife warns him, and Vigilate, the veil, tells Sloth to say, "I am sorry for my sins," etc. It looks extremely probable therefore that some one may be doing the same thing for Robert, and may be telling him in what words to make his vow. We may tentatively go even further, and attribute lines 236-241 to a speaker named "Reddite," upon whom Robert then looks in line 242. Compare the fact that "Vigilate" and "Reddite" are both Latin imperatives.

Therefore, in view of (1) our ignorance of mediæval methods of composition, (2) the lack of necessity for supposing the account of Covetousness to be incomplete, (3) the inconsistency involved in the shift, (4) the stock appropriateness of the thief's following Sloth, and (5) the appositeness of lines 236-241 as the last part of the introduction of Robert the Robber, Dr. Bradley's proposal is almost certainly to be regarded as impossible.

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None of the later discussions have attached true significance to the combination of *two* gaps in Passus v, one before line 236, and the other after line 106, with which the uncompleted confession of Envy comes to an abrupt close. In his last letter Dr. Bradley uses the break after Envy to controvert Brown's contention that the poet may have intentionally omitted Wrath. In a discussion with me, Prof. W. A. Neilson has pointed to clear evidence that the poet did not intend to leave Envy impenitent, in lines v, 59-60, which begin the account of Envy: "Envy with heavy heart asked for shrift, and, full of care, began to show his guilt." Professor Manly's theory has the advantage of accounting for both breaks on the same hypothesis, without involving any contradictory shifts of parts of the text. Furthermore, it has the added confirmation of some calculations which he and I originally worked out independentiy, and to which I later furnished some additional material during an examination of the manuscripts of the A version.

These calculations involve the number of lines in the poem preceding the first break. Between the two breaks are 122 lines, or an average of 30½ per page for four pages. If we divide the number of lines in the poem preceding the first break by 30½, will the answer bring us to the end of the second folio of a quire? For this is necessary in order to support our theory of the lost third and sixth folios. In the critical text of version A there are 1,026 lines before the first break. Adding five titles to passus, and six Latin lines, we get a total of 1,037 lines. In mediæval manuscripts the writing invariably begins at the top of page 1. If we suppose two full quires of sixteen pages each plus four pages of a third quire before our first break, the 1,037 lines will fill the thirty-six pages at 28 and 29-36ths lines per page, or 29 lines per page for 29 pages, and 28 lines per page for 7 pages. That is to say, we must accept an average of a little less than 29 lines per page for 36 pages, and then jump to an average of 30½ lines for four pages. If we examine almost any middle English manuscript of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, we shall find that such a fluctuation is a common thing. For example, of manuscripts Trinity College, Cambridge, R. 3. 14, Harleian 6041, Trinity College, Dublin D. 4. 1, and University College, Oxford (all A-text), each exhibits occasional fluctuations of from three to five lines per page, with a steady average. Consequently, we may adduce this striking piece of confirmatory evidence in favor of Professor Manly's theory: The number of lines in the poem preceding our first break fill two quires of eight folios each and the first two folios of the third quire. Then comes the first break, involving the loss of one folio, containing the end of Envy and all of Wrath. Then come the inside two folios containing the 122 lines between the breaks. Then we have a loss of another folio, containing, perhaps, more of Sloth, and the introduction and development of Robert the Robber. After this break we resume the continuous poem.

THOMAS A. KNOTT.

University of Chicago, May 1.

ENGLISH EXAMINATIONS FOR COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our academic halls must soon be overwhelmed by the annual inundation of English examinations—character sketches of Antonio and Bassanio, dissertations on the moral taught by the "Vision of Sir Launfal," and comparisons of "Sweet Auburn" and Camelot, of Will Wimble and Benjamin Franklin, of Brutus and the Ancient Mariner. A few dozen candidates out of thousands will discuss such topics as these intelligently, because they are prodigies; many will misquote or misinterpret opinions of text-book editors and instructors, which impressed them particularly (and we all know how often it is the unessential that the pupil remembers); a vast majority will flounder around in a sea of facts and fancies, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere; and all this because they can not write on the kind of subject about which they have something to say.

At the age when a candidate goes up for college examinations he is far more concerned with the living world about him than with the world of books. He can tell you all about what he has heard, or seen, or done, and often tell it very well. He can write vividly and enthusiastically of a school contest, a cruise, a hunting trip, a quaint foreign city he has visited, perhaps of State or national politics. To him the old fisherman he met on the Maine coast last summer is infinitely more vital than Dr. Primrose; and the chances are he can write about the former much more skilfully than about the latter. Yet seldom in a college examination does he have opportunity to tell of what he has himself observed. He is required to write a character sketch, or a criticism of style, or an abstract of a plot, or to describe a scene in a novel. His facts are all second-hand; and a story about a story, or a description of a description, is rather distantly removed from real life.

It is because a candidate is so seldom allowed to write on the sort of subject which he can treat best that to some the entrance examinations may appear to do *the greatest injustice to the greatest number*. We drill our pupils in narration, description, exposition, and argument; we assist them to do original work, to think and observe for themselves, as they will always have to do. We teach them that the principles of composition have a direct, practical bearing on every line they write throughout their lives, in business letters, or essays, or what not; that the real purpose of all their practice is to acquire the power of stating effectively whatever they may wish to say of their daily observations and experiences. And we try to train them accordingly. But the examination says: "Don't tell a story which you really know something about from experience; don't even tell a story of your own age and generation; but narrate briefly a long narrative of Tennyson's about some people who lived, or very likely did not live, about fourteen centuries ago. Don't describe anything you ever saw; but, instead, describe Scott's description of the storming of a castle in a country which you perhaps never visited, and in a period seven hundred years before you were born. To show what you can do in exposition, in an hour's time sift your thoughts, analyze the situation, group your facts, and write a treatise on the differences between life in Camelot at the time of King Arthur and in London at the time of Queen Anne. (Oh, for the inspiration of a Mark Twain and a John Richard Green!) Write a careful analysis of the character of Lady Macbeth, or Shylock, or Brutus. To be sure, great thinkers have given to the world their opinions of these characters, slowly evolved from long and painstaking study. We allow you one-half hour. What do you think of Poe's style? It is assumed, of course, that you are a competent literary critic."

In some such light the examination must appeal to the poor candidate, who has no choice but to struggle with such questions, and pass in his paper as a specimen of the very best writing he can do; and all the time he knows he could do vastly better if he were only given a chance to write on topics within his grasp. But there is no way out of it; that paper, which so misrepresents his real powers, which almost inevitably represents his worst, helps decide whether or not he enters college.

A careful inspection of entrance examinations in English for several years past reveals a large proportion of questions demanding criticism and analysis of character. Now, intelligent criticism or analysis of persons and situations is a pretty sure sign of maturity. And yet a candidate fresh from a secondary school is expected to show an insight into character and a judgment of persons and things which comparatively few older people possess.

Not only does the average examination seem unfair to the candidate in that it gives him little opportunity to exhibit his best work; but also, it is in defiance of a cardinal reason for thorough instruction in English composition. I suppose, there is no higher aim in the teaching of English composition than that stated by President Eliot, as one of the main processes or operations of mind which systematic education should develop in the individual, namely, "the function of making a correct record of things observed." The usual examination question does not encourage or allow a statement of things observed by the candidate, except indirectly, through the eyes or minds of others. Rather, it encourages or requires him to state what Scott, or Dickens, or Shakespeare observed, or, parrot-like, to repeat scraps of what some critic observed in Scott, or Dickens, or Shakespeare.

Not that the college entrance examinations would be better, if all questions on reading were omitted; far from it. A part of the examination should test the candidate's knowledge of literature, and literature should become as much a portion of the pupil's life as possible. But this part of the examination should be primarily a test in literature. A part should be devoted wholly to a test in composition; on subjects, too, which involve careful observation and which reflect the life and experiences of the writer. Many a boy who cannot give an effective picture of Torquilstone Castle can write a most vivid description of his home town. The objection may be made that it would be difficult to make out questions for such a test; that they would either not be broad enough to include all candidates, or so broad as to permit the use of composi-

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tions previously written with care and memorized. But by allowing a choice of several questions, as at present, and by a little ingenuity in framing them, these difficulties would be easily overcome.

Harvard has already taken steps in the direction of allowing a candidate to write on subjects outside his reading in English classics. In recent Harvard entrance papers, beside the usual type of question on books read, are optional questions on school sports, science, popular government, and history; and in an examination for anticipating freshman English appears the topic for composition, "Describe the most interesting house you know." It is to be hoped that this is only the beginning of a movement to test candidates not so much on what somebody else said about something as on what they themselves have to say.

GEORGE BANCROFT FERNALD.

St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., May 3.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may perhaps form a more intelligent judgment upon the question how Latin should be pronounced in schools and colleges, if they bear in mind that the same studies that are pursued by some students with a view of becoming specialists and experts are taken up by others for the sake of intellectual discipline, or merely in order to acquire serviceable information. All will agree that a student who has only a limited time to spend upon a subject, and who, accordingly, can at best acquire only a superficial acquaintance with it, should take it up in the way that will enable him best to profit by his study. Thus while the classical scholar must make himself familiar with all the peculiarities of all the dialects, and with both customary and exceptional usages, men in pursuit only of a good general education had better move along the lines that will most promptly bring them to some acquaintance with the thought of the ancients and with the literature in which it is expressed.

The scientific advantages promised by the Roman pronunciation the English pronunciation necessarily foregoes. But although the English mode, like that of most modern languages, is full of inconsistencies and irregularities, it conforms to the received pronunciation of the Latin words and phrases that form so conspicuous a feature in English speech and literature. These include the many familiar quotations in common use and the technical language of the law courts, hardly less current, as well as the hundreds of proper names of persons, towns, countries, rivers, and mountains. Even Greek names are spelled and pronounced, in good society, in spite of Mr. Grote and his somewhat pedantic followers, as if they were Latin. This pronunciation conforms also, in the main, to that of the very large number of English words, constituting from a quarter to a half of the language, that are derived directly from Latin, and to that of our scientific nomenclature, in which even the words that are manufactured immediately from Greek materials are regularly regarded as having come into English through Latin, and, like the classical proper names just mentioned, are made to conform, however arbitrarily, to a Latin spelling and an English pronunciation.

Under these circumstances it would seem as if it might be wise to adhere to the traditional pronunciation with elementary classes. The students, comprising a majority of the men and women in both schools and colleges, who take up Latin, as they do algebra or astronomy, because they regard a subject of so much historical importance as an essential element in a liberal education, are content with moderate attainments. It would seem unnecessary to force upon them an exotic orthoepy which they do not need, and which may prove, as it has often been found, a real hindrance. The more historically accurate and strictly scientific "Roman" manner of speaking might be reserved for the smaller number who are minded to take up advanced Latin. At that stage of progress, they would quickly and easily acquire it.

In these days of electives, the choice of studies, in schools as in colleges, lies mainly with the students, and the more that is done to remove obstacles, the more students will be attracted to these humanities, and civilization leavened by their spirit.

W. R. W.

Milton, Mass., May 1.

JOHN COTTON'S INFLUENCE ON VANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter in the *Nation* of April 8 upon John Cotton and Sir Henry Vane, Dr. Henry M. King takes exception to a statement of mine in a paper on John Cotton read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, to the effect that Vane was influenced by Cotton's views of church government—what was known as "the New England way." I observed that the influence of those ideas upon Vane and the men of Cromwell's army is brought out in such books as Borgeaud's "Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England." Dr. King says that Borgeaud makes no allusion to any influence of Cotton on Vane. It is true that he does not specifically name Vane among the English independents influenced by the New England views of church government, as he does not mention the men of Cromwell's army specifically influenced by John Cotton. But he devotes half a dozen pages (pp. 82-88) to the influence altogether of "the New England way" in shaping the new independent party in England, in which Vane was prominent, singling out John Cotton and Thomas Hooker for special mention in tracing this influence. The fact of the influence is indisputable; and Cotton was indisputably the most conspicuous and influential exponent of "the New England way," viz., independency. It was as "the New England way" that independency was constantly referred to in England in the period when "the agreement of the people" came into being.

J. Wingate Thornton, in his "Historical Relation of New England to the English Commonwealth," says with entire warrant:

> The polity of the strong men, Goodwin, Owen, Peters, Vane, Milton, Cromwell, and their fellows, to whom under God was confided the immediate future of England, was moulded in the freer life and thought of New England, by their correspondents and fellow workers, Cotton, Williams, and their fellows.

This was brought out much more fully, though not more clearly, by Hosmer, in his "Life of Sir Henry Vane," than by Borgeaud; and in his pages (164-170) those who are interested can study more carefully the reasons for viewing Vane as "a principal channel" of the influence of New England independency to England, and for Thornton's judgment that it was "in Cotton's study" that Vane was trained in the cardinal principles of independency. When he came to Boston to live with John Cotton, he was not an independent, and when he went back to England he was. The inference would seem to be simple. "Preceptor" of Vane—viz., preceptor in "the New England way"—the term applied to Cotton by Mr. Adams in his inscription on the Cotton monument, is certainly warranted; as it is also certain that the learner advanced far beyond the teacher.

With Mr. King's observations upon the relative merits and influence of Cotton and Vane as concerns toleration, I should not be disposed to take issue; but that subject was not with me under discussion.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Philadelphia, April 28.

THE POETS OF YALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would be interesting to know when was made the remark with which you say in your issue of April 29 that Theodore D. Woolsey is credited, "that Francis Miles Finch, author of 'The Blue and the Gray' was the only poet that Yale ever produced." Woolsey could hardly have said so in the later sixties, for by then Stedman had become recognized and so had Sill and Weeks. Perhaps Woolsey did not last long enough to know "Ye Lay of Ye Woodpeckore," and of course he did not know the poems of another living Yalensian, of the class of 1890, whose work is arousing much hopeful expectation.

A statement as to Yale or any other university "producing" poets, "must give us pause." If Woolsey wanted to say that so far as the atmosphere of Yale was influenced by the corporation and faculty of his time, it was not favorable to the production of poets, many who knew it well would not be apt to differ with him. Stedman and Sill were both requested by the faculty to remove themselves from the atmosphere, though Sill was allowed to come back. Weeks's relations with the powers were little, if any, more congenial than those of the other poets. Stedman and Sill both survived to happier days, but I believe that neither of them was ever invited to the faculty of Yale, despite the fact that Sill's influence at the University of California was perhaps the most inspiring educational influence of the time, and is vibrating still.

About the same time, Noah Porter was elected to succeed Woolsey, and Gilman was left at the University of California until the Johns Hopkins trustees gave him the recognition for which those of his own alma mater were too blind.

A SURVIVOR.

New York, May 1.

[The remark attributed to the late President Woolsey apropos of F. M. Finch was printed in the Ithaca *Journal* and the Cornell *Alumni Press*, in a note announcing

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the poems. The responsible author of that note is an old member of the Cornell faculty and a friend of Judge Finch, who has known about the remark "for thirty years," but cannot recall exactly when and where it was made. It might therefore be considered as an oral tradition among the old friends and colleagues of Judge Finch at Cornell. Perhaps the query of "Survivor" will bring more definite information.—THE REVIEWER.]

BUDDING GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What greater reward has the teacher of English than to discover in some one of his students unmistakable signs of budding genius? Such reward was mine this morning after class, when I found scribbled on the back of a freshman theme the following soul-effusion, evidently composed under the inspiration of my lecture on "Means of Securing Variety in Sentence Structure":

> On heart and soul grave deep and fast
> This splash sublime,
> Whose memoried radiance shall outlast
> The doom of time:
>
> And through eternities unseen
> For light suffice—
> Because there may not be this green
> In Paradise.

I think that is pretty good for a freshman. ADDISON MACAULAY SCRAGGS.

Pisgah College, May 3.

P. S. A colleague suggests that the stanzas may have been copied. He thinks he recalls having seen "This splash sublime," or something like it, in one of the May magazines. But that is absurd.

A. M. S.

MASTER CARDELIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am pained indeed to find from your issue of May 6 that the only person who cared enough for the memory of the master (for such he is to me) Cardelius to answer the inquiry concerning him, has fallen so grievously into error, and has apparently endeavored to enliven his reply with quips which in their content show the lack of respect and appreciation so lamentably common in these later days.

Master Joachim Cardelius flourished, to be sure, in the sixteenth century, but he was neither a native of Franconia nor the son of a physician. Frankenau—the native place of Master Joachim—does not become Franconia by translation or transliteration, however much the prejudice of a New Hampshire or French Canadian bringing-up may have impelled your informant so to think. Moreover, his father, far from being a physician, was the village barber. It is generally known, of course, that the gentlemen of this profession, now so sadly lowered, combined in the period of Master Joachim surgery of the flesh with regulation and adornment of the skin. The allusion to bleeding—the commonest form of medicinal practice then—may have well led to confusion in reading the passage hastily in Zedter, "Gross. Vollständ. Universal Lexikon" (Halle, 1702 and ff.), from which your correspondent seems to have compiled his information. This source of information, I may add, is notoriously incorrect. A supplement to it was planned, for which a further and more faithful account of Master Joachim had been written by his disciple Andreas Keinmensch. This supplement, however, ceased publication with the volume ending at Caq, and the learned world has been since left at the mercy of the errors in the earlier edition of Zedter. Keinmensch's manuscript, however, still exists in the archives of his native town, Rothenstein; and it is devoutly to be hoped that your correspondent or some one else may translate it in full or at least make public more of it than I possess in the transcript made by me some forty years past. It is not within my strength nor within my rights to claim further space in these columns to devote to more detailed criticism of your correspondent's information, but I cannot close without a word in reference to the absurd statement that Master Joachim wrote a treatise upon garlic. To one who admires and reveres the mental and physical personalities of northern Europeans, a man who devoted himself to such a subject could be little less than anathema, and a pestilent pedant. The word which has been translated as garlic should be rendered as sorrel—common or garden sorrel—a herb now much neglected for its savor, but formally highly esteemed and much used.

HARMON KARL.

Detroit, Mich., May 8.

Notes.

At an early date we are to have from the Harpers a book of dramatic verse, by William Dean Howells. It is called "The Mother and the Father."

Houghton Mifflin Co. has just completed its Warwickshire edition of the complete works of George Eliot, consisting of 25 volumes, illustrated with 169 full-page photogravure pictures from photographs and drawings. Besides the novels, this edition includes George Eliot's Essays and the two-volume biography by Cross.

Sir Harry Johnston has arranged with Methuen & Co. to publish a volume on "The Negro in the New World." The work, some chapters of which have already appeared in the London *Times*, is the result of the author's recent journeys in the United States, West Indies, and Tropical America.

Mrs. Piozzi, whose marriage to the Italian singer raised such a tempest in the circle of Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney, is to have a monument in Tremeirchion Church, where she was buried in 1821. This memorial is due to O. B. Fellowes, whose grandfather was her executor.

For the general reader, there is no better book on the subject than "The Panama Canal, and Its Makers," by Vaughan Cornish (Little, Brown & Co.), not merely because it is the most recent, but because it is the work of a British geographer, who has taken the pains to get the most authoritative information, to supplement and vivify it by personal observations, and to put it into a clear and compact form. The diplomatic history of the enterprise, the rival plans and engineering difficulties, the success in sanitation, the labor question, and the commercial possibilities are all briefly and competently discussed, without the sensationalism and bias that vitiate much of the current literature of the subject. Mr. Cornish is naturally most interested in the geographical aspects of the canal, especially its effects on trade routes and the civilization of the tropics. He emphasizes the fact that "the Panama Canal will not bring any port in Australia or the East Indies, nor any ice-free port in Asia or Asiatic Islands, nearer to any European port." But since the United States is not able to compete in international commerce, owing to the expense of constructing and operating American steamships, he thinks there are some grounds for the opinion that the canal is being built with American money for the use of Europe and Japan. He finds the American women on the Isthmus looking happy though somewhat bored, and the children, on account of their open-air life, seeming to thrive better than in the cities of the United States. He concludes that modern sanitary science has opened the tropics to the permanent occupation of the white man even as a laborer, but thinks that the Mediterranean races will be superior to the Anglo-Saxon for tropical colonization.

A volume on "The Christian Minister and his Duties" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) bears on its title page the name of the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, one of the most honored Presbyterian divines of England, now principal emeritus of Westminster College, Cambridge. For fifty years Principal Dykes has served honorably in the pastoral office, and for twenty years he was a successful teacher of homiletics and practical theology. His lectures on the usual themes of that department of ministerial education are distinguished by sanity of view and force of utterance, with especial attention to historical treatment. One notes a wise perspective in his counsels, the result of sympathetic and wide study of many forms and ages of Christian activity. Particular attention is paid to the principles and methods of the conduct of public worship in non-liturgical churches.

A bird's-eye view of the present endeavors of Protestant missionaries and missionary organizations is afforded by Edwin Munsell Bliss's "The Missionary Enterprise" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). After a brief history of early Christian and mediæval missions, and the first attempts of the Roman Catholics and Protestants, the rapid development of the modern missionary movement in its various phases is traced with care, and the extension of Christianity in the chief missionary fields is outlined. The failing of most concise sketches of this sort is too great abundance of detail, owing to the temptation to omit nothing which has a claim to importance. Dr. Bliss has been a life-long student of his subject, and is a trained writer and observer. His skill is exhibited in this volume, in which the large facts and salient principles are brought to due prominence, notwithstanding the extent of field and fact which he covers. His volume will serve to spread intelligence as to the ambitions and purposes which underlie the efforts of the more statesmanlike propogandists of the faith, and the substantial

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and permanent results which missionary effort is assuredly accomplishing.

A sincere and gracious tenderness attached to all words and deeds of the late Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of the Union Theological Seminary, and one finds this gentleness in appropriate setting in the posthumous volume of sermons to children, "The Silver Cup" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The discourses appear to have been spoken when Dr. Hall was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn at special afternoon services for children and youth. The book is prefaced by four stanzas of a hymn "Levavi Oculos," which might well find a place in a hymnal for children. The same spirit attended President Hall's second series of Barrows Lectures on the Haskell foundation of the University of Chicago, now published under the title, "Christ and the Eastern Soul" (The University of Chicago Press). With rare tactfulness and grace Dr. Hall undertook to discover "elements of sublimity in the Oriental consciousness"; and while maintaining "the distinctive moral grandeur of the Christian religion," he sought to demonstrate to his Eastern hearers that it is their privilege not only to accept Christianity, but also to aid the West in understanding and realizing it, in a manner in which it has not yet been appreciated or comprehended. He says:

> The Oriental consciousness has the gifts that the world needs to offset its strenuous externalism and guide it back to the secret place of the Most High. The Contemplative Life, the Presence of the Unseen, the Aspiration for Ultimate Being, Reverence for the Sanctions of the Past, are the four gospels with which a Christian East may reëvangelize the West; giving it back the spirit of the first days; coöperating with it to lead the world out of its confusion, grossness, and sin, into the peace and purity of Jesus Christ.

A new text-book on methods of pulpit discourse is "The Preacher: His Person, Message, and Method," by Prof. Arthur S. Hoyt of Auburn Theological Seminary (The Macmillan Co.). Dr. Hoyt's counsels are discreet, if not brilliant. His ideals appear in the following sentences:

> Over against a sensational pulpit, with its worldly standards of immediate and tabulated results, is placed a spiritual service tested by spiritual measures and motives. Above the superficial sway of eloquence is exalted an instructive pulpit that comes from the growing knowledge of the Gospel and of life, and results in a stable, balanced, and comprehensive Christianity.

For nearly a hundred and fifty years the Brick Presbyterian Church has occupied a position of commanding influence in the religious life of the city of New York. The founders of the old church on Beekman Street included representatives of the most substantial families of the colonial city, and from that time to the present the Brick Church has held the allegiance of many of New York's most worthy men and women. It has been fortunate in its clergymen. While, perhaps, one would not go to its roll of pastors for the most brilliant pulpit orators, there is not to be found there, with, perhaps, one exception, the name of a single man who has not exerted deep influence upon many individuals. The history of the church, therefore, has an interest far beyond the circle of those who are personally concerned in it. It has been well told, with evident sympathy and personal loyalty, in a dignified volume of over five hundred pages, by the Rev. Shepherd Knapp, for some years one of the assistant ministers, "A History of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New York" (New York: Published by the trustees of the Brick Presbyterian Church). The fortunes of the Church of the Covenant, intimately connected with those of the Brick Church, are narrated, and, of course, the work in this city of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke and Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock.

According to the natural prompting of our local circumstances, the work in anthropology in our country has been mainly done by investigators who were more interested in Arizona than in Hellas, in the Zuñi than in early Minoan culture. The Committee for Anthropology in the University of Oxford has attempted, on the other hand, to rouse interest in their subject by attacking it from the classical point of view. "Anthropology and the Classics" (Henry Frowde) contains six lectures delivered before the University by as many men of distinctly classical learning. Arthur J. Evans describes the diffusion of pictography throughout Europe; Andrew Lang, the anthropological elements in Homer; Gilbert Murray, certain of these elements in the non-Homeric epic tradition; F. B. Jevons summarizes many points concerning Græco-Italian magic in ancient times; J. L. Myres treats of anthropological details and views in Herodotus; and W. Warde Fowler discusses the ritual of *lustratio*. The lecture by Mr. Myres is by far the most philosophical of all in its method, and especially in this year of Darwin celebrations it might open the eyes of our present-day scientists to read Mr. Myres's account of the existence in the early Greek philosophy of a theory of the distinct biological evolution of man from a lower type of animal life. The other lectures of the series are more picturesquely objective. It is amusing to notice that this consultation of doctors could not pass without professional disagreement, Dr. Lang scoffing with wonted light gayety at the theory of a "Bowdlerized" Homeric tradition of manners and morals, and insisting that the Iliad and the Odyssey are "prehistoric, the flowers of a brief age of Achæan civilization, an age when the society of princes and ladies had a taste extraordinarily pure and noble," while Dr. Murray thereafter patiently reaffirms his doctrine of expurgation. We should like to believe with Mr. Lang in all the romantically white purity and high courtesies of his early Achæan troubadour courts, but it is hard to do so. Classical scholars will be interested to note that Mr. Warde Fowler has surrendered the belief, set forth in his "Roman Festivals," that the running of the Roman *Luperci* around the *pomerium* on each fifteenth of February was a true *lustratio urbis*.

The Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner holds its fiftieth ("jubilee") meeting at the University of Graz (Austria), September 28-October 1, 1909. The association is, however, older than the number of its approaching session might appear to imply, for during recent years it has met biennially instead of annually. In recognition of this fiftieth meeting, it is proposed to form a fund by voluntary contributions, the income of which is to be used in the furtherance of classical and archæological research in such ways as the association may determine at its September meeting. It is thought that Germans resident in America, and Americans who as students have enjoyed the hospitality of German universities, may be glad to share in this undertaking. Contributions may be sent to Prof. Elmer Truesdell Merrill, at the University of Chicago, who will forward the amounts and the names of donors to the committee of the association.

Two more volumes are needed to complete the new sixth edition of "Meyers Grosses Konversationslexikon." The eighteenth volume, *Schönecberg—Sternbedeckung*, which has just reached us, shows that increasing emphasis is being laid on industrial and technical topics, always a strong feature in this work. There are long articles on the sulphur and soda industries, sixteen pages on stenography, a full account of typewriting machines, and a survey of the most important street railway systems of Europe and the United States. Under this heading we find New York city described as a *Grosstadt* of four and a half million inhabitants counting in "the suburbs Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, etc." Brooklyn, of course, holds to New York by closer ties than the cities across the Hudson, whose people do not count in the four and a half millions. Under "Staten Island," we are told of Fort "Wadson." presumably Wadsworth. The volume is exceptionally rich in colored plates, of which two go with Protective Coloration (*Schutzeinrichtungen*). The history of Sweden is brought down to 1908.

Karl Knortz, the German-American educator, who by numerous books and pamphlets has interpreted American writers to Germany, is the author of a little book, "Der Pessimismus in der amerikanischen Literatur" (Vienna: Lumen Verlag).

Interest in Jean Paul produces at intervals some new interpretation of his personality and work. The latest attempt in German is "Jean Pauls Æsthetik," by Dr. Eduard Berend. It is a book of nearly 300 pages in Dr. Franz Muncker's series, Forschungen zur neueren Literaturgeschichte (Berlin: Alexander Duncker).

Among the many replies provoked by Prof. Ernst Haeckel's "Welträtsel" and the propaganda of religious monism, one of the most interesting is the recent work of J. Hauri, "Die Welträtsel und ihre Lösung" (Berlin: C. Skopnik). The book consists of a series of semi-popular lectures, following closely the topics discussed by Haeckel. Hauri develops a *Weltanschauung* from the point of view of a Christian idealism. The work will be of service in acquainting the reader with the leading philosophical and religious problems of the times.

Whoever has tried to wade through the 1,600 pages of letters and memoranda attributed to the wife of Schiller, and edited by E. Urlichs, at Stuttgart, 1860-65, will appreciate the service just rendered by Ludwig Geiger in selecting only the most important of these documents and publishing them (Berlin: Hans Bondy), in one handy volume, entitled "Charlotte von Schiller und ihre Freunde." Geiger has taken only the most readable material and arranged it to illustrate Charlotte's youth and married life, Schiller's death, Goethe, and Charlotte's widowhood; and he has add-

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ed literary notes. There is a lengthy introduction giving a vivid and sympathetic sketch of Charlotte and her famous husband at Weimar. and a good index.

"Kultur und Erziehung: Vermischte Betractungen," by Wilhelm Minch (Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung), is a volume of essays by the author of an earlier collection of "Vermischte Aufsätze." Herr Minch raises questions of interest to English and American, as well as to German, schoolmasters. He discusses the value of travel, points out the difference between knowledge and education, and the changes in educational ideals. The fault that he finds with the more celebrated schools of England is that they serve but a limited number, and that their courses hold too closely to the civilization of the Greeks, the Romans, and the English. The result is that even persons of the upper circles, while travelling widely and knowing the round earth very well, usually have but a limited knowledge of the world of intellect, and correspondingly limited and preconceived views of life. In sport, of course, the English excel the Germans, both in enthusiasm and participation; but sport will not make up for all other deficiencies. It is a question, for example, whether, as suggested by Wellington, English victories in war have been due mainly to exercise and development in English sport; the Germans have won a few victories also, while never enjoying such aristocratic facilities for play as are found at the English universities and colleges. Herr Minch does not accept the results thus far attained in America in coeducation as conclusive proof that the problem has been solved here. On the contrary, he sees several reasons for still separating boys and girls, at least during certain years. He argues that the physical and mental equipment of the two sexes is not the same, that revision of courses designed for one sex is frequently necessary if the other sex be admitted, and that in this age of specialization it is more or less a contradiction to generalize by offering equal curricula. Nevertheless, American influence has made itself felt somewhat in lower classes of the German schools, where, for some time, boys and girls have been taught together.

Dr. Rudolf Unger, in his "Philosophische Probleme in der neueren Literaturwissenschaft" (Munich: Spiegelverlag), unfolds a new programme for the modern study of literature, urging that the exclusively philological method which has prevailed at the universities, and which alone has been recognized as scientific, should be at least supplemented by a method which emphasizes leading tendencies in the literary world, and their bearings on the personality and thought of an author.

Mrs. Augusta Jane Evans Wilson, the author, died Sunday from heart disease, at her home in Mobile. She was born at Columbus, O., in 1838, and in 1868 was married to Col. L. M. Wilson, a well-known banker of Mobile. In 1856 she had produced her first book, "Inez." This was followed by "A Tale of the Alamo," "Beulah," "Macaria," "St. Elmo," "Vashti," "Infelice," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," and "A Speckled Bird." Her last production was "Devota," published in 1907.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Randall Waite died May 6, at the age of sixty-two. After a course in Hamilton College, Dr. Waite became a member of the staff of the Utica *Morning Herald* Poor health compelled him to travel, and he went to Italy in 1871, where he founded the Italian Young Men's Christian Association in Rome. Soon after his return from Italy Dr. Waite was ordained a minister in the Congregational Church. Civics occupied much of his attention, and while editing the *American Magazine of Civics* he lectured frequently on the subject. He also occupied places on the directorates of many financial concerns.

Dr. Benjamin Bausman, one of the most widely known ministers of the Reformed Church in the United States, who was pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church of New York, died May 8, at the age of eighty-five. Dr. Bausman was a trustee of Franklin and Marshall College; was president of the board of managers of Bethany Orphans' Home, and for many years edited various Reformed Church papers. His published works include "Sinai and Zion" (1860), "Wayside Gleanings in Europe" (1878), "Bible Characters" (1893), and "Precept and Practice" (1901).

The death is reported in his seventy-fifth year of Dr. Marcus Dods, principal of the United Free Church College, Edinburgh, since 1907. He contributed articles on religious subjects to "The Encyclopædia Britannica" and to various periodicals. His works include: "The Prayer that Teaches to Pray," "The Epistles to the Seven Churches," "Israel's Iron Age," "Mohammed, Buddha, and Christ," "Handbook on Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi," "Isaac, Jacob and Joseph," "Handbook on Genesis," "Commentary on Thessalonians, "Parables of Our Lord," "Why be Religious?" "How to Become like Christ," and "The Bible, Its Origin and Nature."

IRELAND AND THE COLONIES UNDER THE STUARTS.

Ireland Under the Stuarts and During the Interregnum. By Richard Bagwell. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $10.50.

After three hundred years of controversy, the history of Ireland, especially during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has begun to come to its own in the hands of scientific historians. It is a result for which we may well be thankful. Stripped of passion and prejudice, the account of the English conquest and colonization is one of the most important and instructive in the modern field. Interesting in itself, it has additional interest in that it is a part of the history of England, and is related to the history of America. It is a grim and terrible story which, more than twenty-five years ago, Mr. Bagwell set himself to tell. In three earlier volumes, "Ireland Under the Tudors" (1885-1890), he recounted the beginnings of the English occupation, and carried the narrative through the reign of Elizabeth. In the present work, he takes up two more chapters, the exploitation under James I and Charles I, the rebellion and subjugation of the Irish under Charles I and Cromwell, ending with the Restoration.

Only by plantation did the English conceive that, after the rebellion of the earls, they could make a "civil people" of their subjects, and secure the substantial fruits of their occupation. During the first half of the seventeenth century, in consequence, that process went on beside the plantation of America, and, with allowance for differing conditions, by not dissimilar means, until the troubles at home interrupted the movement. Then came the reaping of the whirlwind in the rebellion of 1641, and the long, cruel, and confused contest, which ran parallel with the civil wars in England. Affected strongly by them, and influencing English affairs no less powerfully in turn, the Irish struggle threatened, at times, to wrest control of the island from King and Parliament alike. Complicated as affairs were by an almost incomprehensible confusion of interests, royal, parliamentary, native Irish and settler, Papal and Continental, not until the stern discipline of parliamentary forces found foothold in Ireland did order begin to emerge from chaos. The policy of Thorough may have been the only solution of the difficulty, but it was enforced at a great price. Before those parliamentary columns, the Irish confederacy, the gallantry of Ormond, and the silent courage of O'Neill, the disunited opposition of lesser chiefs, the resistance of the cities, the guerrilla activities of the broken bands, one by one were beaten down. From Dublin around the coast to Galway, the Cromwellians slowly and irresistibly crushed out all opposition and completed the conquest of the island beyond all power of the natives to throw it off. It was the triumph of organization and union over their opposites, the victory of a nation over tribes, of an early modern civilization over one still largely early mediæval. Thereafter came the expulsion of those who had taken part in the rebellion, from the lands east of the Shannon, and the entry of the Commonwealth adventurers to take their place beside the older English and Scotch settlers. In that fifty years, the line of English landlordism was pushed across the island, and the foundations of modern Irish conditions and history, and no little English history and politics beside, laid in conquest and confiscation. This is the tale that fills these pages.

There is scarcely any similar period or movement which has been the subject of more bitter controversy and recrimination. The English conquest of Ireland was, in many ways, not unlike the Norman conquest of Great Britain five centuries earlier. It differs, of

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course, in details, and in the large matter of transplanting the conquered landholders. But it differs still more in that it took place in the brighter light of modern times, and in that the defeated race, numerous, able, aggressive, and largely irreconcilable, still resents and resists. Had the English been Catholics, or the Irish Protestants, political, social, and economic antagonisms might not have been embittered beyond compromise. Had the tribal chiefs been more enlightened and less selfish, they might have made more effectual resistance. Had the people been less loyal to their leaders, the whole issue might have been otherwise. Yet to state the condition is merely to sum up the result. Divided from England as Ireland is by the sea and by so many causes of dispute, reconciliation, much less assimilation, seems as distant as ever.

Here, then, is delicate ground not merely for the politician, but for the historian, and no one realizes this more keenly than Mr. Bagwell himself. "No party," he says truly in his preface, "will be pleased with the present work." Yet in those words lies the book's greatest value. With what may be called the moral issues, the adjudication of right and wrong, which to so many means merely rights and wrongs, with the distribution of praise and blame, he has little concern. In so far as possible he has allowed the actors to reveal themselves in their own words and deeds, himself refraining from controversy, almost from comment. He adduces the evidence. Whatever judgments the reader passes must be his own, whatever quarrel he has must be with the facts. There are no purple patches in the narrative, however many there may be in the deeds recorded. The story is restrained often almost to the impersonal colorlessness of a chronicle. The account is developed by piling detail on detail. In the main, this is enough to give interest and direction. In the case of Wentworth's government, for instance, the result is vivid and convincing. But in the confusion of the later wars one sometimes longs for more guidance.

The critical apparatus is full, and, since a large part of the material upon which Mr. Bagwell's study is based is to be found in print, or in easily accessible manuscripts, one may, without great difficulty, test the accuracy of his statements. In the most disputed part of his period, that of the Rebellion of 1641, he follows and amplifies Miss Hickson's work, as against its assailants, like Mr. Dunlop. In short, it can no longer be said with truth that there is no adequate and scholarly history of Ireland during this period. One may regret the absence of certain maps which would be useful to the reader, and the inadequacies of the indexes; one may note certain obscurities or omissions in the text; one may wonder at the lack of reference to the work of Continental scholars; yet, when all is said, Mr. Bagwell has enriched the history of Ireland and historical literature generally, and one may well echo his expressed hope that he may be spared to finish his study of the final settlement between the Restoration and Revolution.

Acts of the Privy Council of England. Colonial Series. Vol. I; 1613-1680. Edited by W. L. Grant and James Munro, under the general supervision of Almeric W. FitzRoy, Clerk of the Privy Council. London: Wyman & Sons.

Among the publications of the British government few are likely to be of greater importance for colonial history than the projected series of "Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial," the first volume of which is now issued. When completed, in five volumes, bringing the subject to 1783, the work will take its place beside the Calendars of State Papers and Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission as an essential part of the student's equipment. It will not furnish any great amount of new information regarding the internal history of the colonies, but it will give a point of view and a survey of policy that have never before been attained. During our colonial history executive control was in the hands of the King, his ministers, and advisers. The nature of this control can be learned only from the records of the organs that exercised it, viz., the Privy Council, the Secretaries of State, the Commissioners of the Treasury, and the Commissioners of the Admiralty. Though it might have seemed desirable in the past to know something of these organs and their work, the fact remains that such knowledge has not been possessed by those who have written on colonial history. This neglect may be attributed in part to indifference and in part to the fact that the material has been remote and to a certain extent inaccessible, much of it lying intermixed with other data, partly or wholly irrelevant.

The Calendar of the Acts of the Privy Council, edited by Mr. Dasent, closes with 1603, and the British government has decided not to continue it. We are indebted to Mr. FitzRoy for the plan of carrying on the work along colonial lines. Knowing that the records of his office after 1603 were more important for colonial than for domestic or foreign affairs, he obtained the consent of the Treasury to issue a series of volumes containing pertinent portions of the Register. Since the Treasury was unwilling to meet more than the expenses of printing and binding, the cost of transcribing and editing had to be defrayed through public and private agencies in England, Scotland, Canada, and America. Thus the work has somewhat the character of an international undertaking. The labor involved may be inferred from the fact that the original Privy Council Register for the years 1613 to 1783 consists of a hundred large folio volumes, often difficult to handle even with an index.

A scrutiny of this first volume leaves a favorable impression of the scope and variety of the work of the Council, and of the amount of time devoted by men of distinction to the difficult task of solving colonial problems. Even Charles II, usually characterized as indolent and prone to shirk business, appears in a new light. He was unfailing in attendance and deeply interested in these affairs. Though there are no entries here that show the part he took in discussion, yet the fact that he corrected with his own hand letters sent to the Governors would indicate that he was more than a passive listener.

The King and his Councillors had but one idea before them: to promote the welfare of all colonial and commercial undertakings. They encouraged settlement, watched the growth of the plantations, and sought to stimulate the production of whatever would be of value to colonies and mother country alike. They settled disputes, adjudicated private claims, and gave relief. Throughout the period here covered the Councillors invariably acted as honorable men, always hearing fairly and justly both sides of a case, consulting outside boards and individuals, and finding in the end the best remedy that they could. That they were influenced by the accepted doctrines of the period, in controlling colonial industry and commerce and placing definite restrictions upon freedom of movement and trade, is no cause for criticism. They were but adopting a policy advocated by all statesmen of the time and deemed fundamentally important in view of the intense commercial rivalry existing among the maritime states of Europe. England and its incorporated companies must be protected against aliens and private traders, colonial products must be brought to the mother country, and the oaths of allegiance and supremacy must be taken. Yet, where possible, rules were relaxed and exceptions made in the interest of colonial trade and the plantations, and in not a few instances the Council deemed colonial welfare of greater consequence than the welfare of the people at home. Even the principles of the Navigation Acts, which can be studied here in their development, were certainly not in the beginning antagonistic to colonial prosperity, and the acts themselves are seen to be rather a culmination than a cause. From the point of view of modern trade conditions we may feel inclined to find fault with some of the premises, but from the point of view of the seventeenth century the Englishman would

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have had the better of the argument. He was working to make England, and not the colonies, independent, and as far as that end was sought he was amply justified in the results.

In two or three years all the data will be in the hands of students. We may not anticipate the final judgment, but we believe that the printing of these records will distinctly enhance the reputation of the Council as a governing body for the colonies.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Inner Shrine. New York: Harper & Bros.

Anonymity is a card which may be played with considerable effect by the modern editor or publisher, since our present habit of publicity insures against its being played too often. As a serial in *Harper's*, "The Inner Shrine" has reaped a harvest of curiosity somewhat out of proportion to the actual merit of the performance. "Who wrote it?" is a question of such burning importance to us that we incline to lose sight of the comparatively tame question, "What does it amount to?" It must be said that the commercial or editorial sponsor commonly does what he can to encourage us in this weakness: he is but human, and he likes his commodities to "go." For example, Harper & Bros. have taken the trouble to affix to advance copies of the present novel, for the eye of the hardened reviewer only, numerous speculations as to its authorship. A lady from California guesses Mrs. Humphry Ward, whereupon the authorities magnanimously admit in black type that Mrs. Ward is NOT the author. Heavily leaded, too, is the passage from that eminent critic, the Boston correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat:* "It is quite on the cards that in the early years of the twentieth century we have seen the dawn of a new novelist of unquestioned power. . . . Is it Mrs. ———?" and so on.

As a matter of fact, "The Inner Shrine" is by no means worth all this pother. It is a cleverly constructed bit of popular fiction, and no more. Its style, in a superficial sense, suggests an amalgam of Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Wharton: it has the trick of the sophisticated school. Essentially, it is a rather vulgar story of a group of persons, none of whom is free from one or other sort of pusillanimity. The flavor is Franco-American: scandal and the fear of scandal are the chief motives of the composition. A Frenchman traduces a Frenchwoman, and is called out by her American (Parisian-American) husband, who commits suicide under cover of the duel. She has been a heartless coquette, though not technically a guilty woman. She comes to America, and is on the way to a second marriage when the old lie pursues her. Her lover, an aristocratic New Yorker of crude perceptions and boorish manner, accepts the slander without question, and casts her off. She is all meekness, rather admires him, Jane-Eyre-like, for his stupid brutality, and, of course, marries him in the end—after the French villain has been put through the necessary paces, and the American Rochester has remembered to say that word without which no woman in fiction is content to be won. If the free gift and placid reception of insult, base suspicion and slavish fear of one's own set, the manners and morals imputed by gossip-mongering journals, really characterize our best cosmopolitan society, how shall these traits be palatably set forth in fiction unless with the aid of a certain superficial fastidiousness? There are interesting situations in this story, there are even brilliant bits of dialogue, but there is little in its actual content, whether of incident or interpretation, to arouse anything approaching emotion in the reader who looks upon fiction as a responsible art.

Little People. By Richard Whiteing. New York: Cassell & Co.

Like "A Poor Man's House," (see the *Nation* of April 15, p. 387), "Little People" is upon the border-line between fiction, and sociological speculation. Mr. Whiteing's Little People are the poor in spirit, the obscure, the unsuccessful, the inarticulate who chiefly inhabit this world. He approaches this order, not in a spirit of pity or condescension, but with respect and even a kind of envy. Many of them do not succeed, are not "heard of in the papers," because they are not ruthless enough, or because they are ruled by a natural instinct of quietism. It is the "Ratepayer," who succeeds—which is Mr. Whiteing's term for the Philistine, the "practical" man. A particular Ratepayer figures a good deal in these papers—a person with whom the writer represents himself as having grown up, and whose career he traces fragmentarily as an awful example of what the normal idealism of childhood may come to in process of what we call breeding and education. A number of sketches, not quite stories, adorn the casual discourse—episodes in the lives of various "Little Peoplers," which would not be chosen by the ordinary story-teller as especially promising, but which give point to this tribute to modest and contented ineffectiveness. Several of them are ironical, like the story of the youth who (from philanthropic motives) wishes to get himself sent to a mad-house. He tries various eccentric and outlandish behaviors in vain, but succeeds as soon as it occurs to him that the way to antagonize society is to act reasonably. There is the incident, too, of the poor old drudge who is killed by having to undergo a fashionable rest-cure. But it is all very good-natured. If there is anything for which the writer feels contempt, it is the stupid self-absorption of the Ratepayer, whom success has taught to believe "in nothing but the right to do as he likes in everything, with lawyer, doctor, and parson to stand by and save him from the worst." On the other hand, if there is any class which he admires, it is what may be called the aristocracy among the Little People—those among the naturally capable who prefer the life of quiet independence. "This is the true Bohemianism, and the only kind that counts, with liberty, not license, for its end and aim. The Bohemianism of the pot-house is a dead thing: it was hindrance and enslavement, and it had to go. . . . Freedom for the finer impulses, that is the thing: and of all these, grossness is the enemy. So also is the cut and dried." If this is not a great book, it is an unusually attractive one by reason of its unaffected gentleness and optimism.

Hilary Thornton. By Hubert Wales. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

One lays down this book with a sense of distaste, despite its manifestly high ethical intent. It seems to represent the inherent unwholesomeness of modern introspection, focussed upon the unpleasant possibilities of marriage; it is a congress of Horrible Examples. Not one of its uncomfortable men and "virile" woman (save the mark!) but makes shipwreck of life matrimonially. There is an unpleasant insistence upon the physical, interlarded with wearisome strata of speculative philosophy; on the whole, it seems one of those unfortunate but unavoidable expressions of the morbid moments that punctuate the growth of the race as of the individual organism. It is comforting to realize that such states are essentially abnormal, and that despite the outcries of the overstrained nerves of society, sanity and poise continue to hold sway at the heart of things.

The Glory of the Conquered. By Susan Glaspell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This "Story of a Great Love" reminds one that all magnitude is relative, and that every man may whittle his own measuring-stick. Ernestine, who paints very well, marries a famous young bacteriologist, Karl Hubers. They idle away eighteen months honeymooning in Europe—a curious thing for a scientist to do, who is supposed to be on the verge of a great discovery—and then join the faculty of the University of Chicago. After bitter misfortune, Karl dies and Ernestine, who had given up her painting to help him in his investigations, picks up her brush again,

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producing a portrait of the departed which critics praise highly—and there's the end. Now, if this is a great love, every hamlet knows greater ones. Ernestine had sacrificed only her art work, a mean thing beside the good name, well-being, and honor which many a woman has given up for another's sake. And there is no visible reason why she should have altogether abandoned even that. Only when measured by its emotional intensity can her love be called great; in this dimension it is truly gigantic. Kisses crackle interminably, the air is murmurous with plaints, and freshets of tears descend whenever anybody looks into anybody else's eyes, or the cook burns Karl's flapjacks. Whoever can appreciate this point of view will find the story well told, even excellently told at times; and possibly be so captivated by its lachrymose lights and shadows that she will even overlook the utter superfluity of Georgia, Joe Tank, and some other characters.

As Others See Us: A Study of Progress in the United States. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Brooks has had the happy thought to collect and classify the opinions of the United States and its people expressed by European travellers during the last hundred years, as a basis for some interesting reflections on the progress of American society. Irritating and humiliating, often, as were the observations of Mrs. Trollope, Harriet Martineau, Dickens, and others, they afford at this distance a good deal of aid in understanding the social life of the time, in determining wherein we did differ from the accepted standards of Europe, particularly England, and in measuring the distance which we have traversed since the "period of the newness." And what was said by these better known and more widely read critics was repeated, with slight change of manner or emphasis, by the scores of less distinguished writers who found us interesting enough to visit and describe.

One cannot but be struck by the constant iteration, during the first half of the nineteenth century, of certain damning counts in the dreary indictment. That our roads were bad and our inns intolerable; that our cooking was a menace to health and our table manners extraordinary; that the American voice, particularly with women, was an instrument of torture never to be forgotten by one who had suffered it; that we were a nation of braggarts and claimed a monopoly of wit and humor; that our scenery was overrated, our culture crude and provincial, the good elements in our society a weak imitation of Europe, our politics hopelessly corrupt, our newspapers impossible, and democracy itself a more than doubtful experiment—such were the depressing conclusions which well-nigh every visitor felt compelled to draw after never so brief an acquaintance, if, indeed, he had not already drawn them before starting on his trying and hazardous journey. Mr. Brooks, who surveys the catalogue of national sins and shortcomings with imperturbable good humor, does not deny that American society has often been vulnerable; but the marshalling of extracts in the pages of his interesting volume is of itself sufficient to show the grotesqueness of much that otherwise sensible people said about us. After the civil war, however, he notes a change. Our achievement in preventing a disruption of the Union and then in restoring peace, and especially the return of the army to civil life and the payment of the war debt, made a profound impression abroad; and those who hitherto had thought our future more than doubtful began to take a new interest in us, and to study us with something more suggestive of intelligence and open-mindedness. The "American voice," to be sure, is still to be dreaded, and our houses are prevailingly over-heated; but comments of this sort, joined to the inevitable descriptions of Niagara and the West, give place more and more to discussions of our progress in education and public spirit, of the better workings of party politics, and of such national problems as the negro and the trusts. Here, naturally, Mr. Brooks is on more familiar ground, though his comments on some of these recent observers, especially Mr. Bryce and Professor Münsterberg, are not the least interesting of his pages.

Mr. Brooks is so frankly an optimist, so skilful in confronting the hostile or doubting critic with facts that have been overlooked, and withal possesses so wide a range of social observation, that one rises from a perusal of this volume with a heightened sense of our national soundness and a more cheerful confidence in our national future. If he errs at all, it is in the direction of ever-friendliness, but every student who is familiar with the books which Mr. Brooks cites must admit that the provocation is great. The volume is one that should be widely read if for no other reason than that it is delightful reading.

An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion. By Frank Byron Jevons. [The Hartford-Lamson Lectures on the Religions of the World.] Pp. xxv+283. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The Hartford-Lamson Lectures of the Hartford Theological Seminary are designed to give students intending to be foreign missionaries a knowledge of the religious customs and ideas of the peoples to whom they are to go. This is the first foundation of the sort in this country; the purpose is excellent, and the selection of Dr. Jevons as the first lecturer was a happy one—he is well known as an able writer on early religion. His attitude in these lectures toward non-Christian religions is catholic: he urges students to recognize what is good in every religion, and to show the superiority and finality of Christianity by pointing out that it gives in perfect form the conceptions that in other faiths are imperfect. The subjects he treats are immortality, magic, fetishism, prayer, sacrifice, morality, Christianity, all of which he discusses with freshness and felicity of exposition.

He has dealt with these subjects in former works, and here repeats views expressed by him elsewhere. In several cases he appears to lay undue stress on logical definitions, and his statements are not always self-consistent. Religion he defines as "the worship of the gods of a community by the community for the good of the community," and he accordingly denies that fetishism is religion, on the ground that it is an individual, selfish, anti-social cult. But this definition is arbitrary and narrow—it is based on a certain form of religious worship, and ignores other well-established forms. If religion is a practical relation between man and superhuman powers, then fetishism is a religion. The demand of the fetish-worshipper, though generally for harm to his enemies, is not always of this character; and when it is so, it is not less religious than a psalmist's prayer for the destruction of a personal foe. Obviously in any religion an individual may put up individual petitions, "but," Dr. Jevons adds, "we may safely infer that the only prayers that the god of the community is expected to hearken to are prayers that are consistent with the interests and welfare of the community." This is by no means the case—a man does not always think of the community when he prays, and he will not pray unless he expects the gods to hear his prayer and answer it favorably. In like manner Jevons rules out magic. The much-discussed question of the relation between magic and religion cannot be gone into here; it is a question of definition, but we know that magical procedures have sometimes been approved and adopted by the established religion of a community. In regard to the origin of sacrifice, Robertson Smith's theory (to which there are serious objections) that it was a sacramental eating of sacred (that is, divine) flesh, whereby the worshipper secured communion with the deity and forgiveness of sin, is here expounded. Dr. Jevons, however, extends the meaning of "sacrifice" so as to include worship; Christian sacrifice, he

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says, is holy living: "that is the sacrifice Christ showed us the example of; that is the example which the missionary devotes himself to follow and to teach."

The recent discussions of Höffding, Hobhouse, and Westermarck, in which morality is declared to be independent of religion, are vigorously criticised by Dr. Jevons. Justice, he rightly says, is a social matter, and an offence against the custom of the community is an offence against the law of the god who is the guardian of the rights of the community. On this point there seems to be no necessity for debate; the disputants on both sides will, probably, agree that men's ethical codes are derived from social intercourse, that the code of a god is always that of his circle of worshippers, and that the god, as superhuman chieftain, enforces this code —that, in a word, religion and morality, though distinct in origin, are always united in human life; the gods, like men, are never without their ethical codes, and so religion may be expected to support and stimulate morality. If God is the moral ideal, the love of God is devotion to this ideal, and thus Dr. Jevons's conclusion—that the love of God is the basis and end of society—finds its justification.

The Greatness and Decline of Rome. Volume V. The Republic of Augustus. By Guglielmo Ferrero; translated by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

In his initial volume, Signor Ferrero explicitly stated his intention "to continue the narrative down to the break-up of the Empire." But with no explanation whatever, the author has forsaken his task when hardly past the threshold, for he introduces the present volume with the statement that it "completes my study of the 'Greatness and Decline of Rome.'" Under the circumstances, the title should have been altered to suit the fact, since not even the first part of its promise has been fulfilled, to say nothing of the second.

The author has a method of expression more widely attractive than is usually attained by writers in this field, as was evidenced by the newspaper publicity given to his recent lectures at Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Chicago. The rumors, however, that this brilliant sally would prove to have rendered obsolete the patient lifetime labors of earlier scholars on the same ground have never gained credence with those who have given much careful attention to the subject. We say "brilliant sally," for patient and exhaustive historical investigation in the field of ancient history is not the task for which the author's activities in the past would furnish a suitable equipment, and the readiness with which he has turned back after putting his hand to the plough may well indicate that the field is not congenial to his tastes. The work is continually suggestive of an overpowering belief on the author's part that Roman history *must* have illustrated certain principles of social development assumed to be active in all races and all times. Within certain limits, this is true enough, but those limits are easily passed. For instance, the principle that "the average of mankind, under average conditions, are neither particularly good nor particularly bad," is rather heavily strained when it is called in to discredit such evidence of Julia's enormities of unchastity as the public revelations by which Augustus himself justified the severity of her punishment. As it happened, Julia was neither of the average of mankind, nor under average conditions, and so with native qualities which should have made her particularly good in various lines of praiseworthy effort, she did become particularly bad under the untoward conditions forced upon her. Julia's fortunes were, perhaps, of less importance to Roman history in general than the space given to them by the author would indicate. We cite the matter only as one illustration of an unsafe dependence upon theoretical assumptions, which must be regarded as seriously affecting the trustworthiness of Ferrero's work at many points. Again and again he himself feels the want of any valid documentary support for direct statements made in the text, and admits the situation in a footnote, only to build upon this rickety foundation in subsequent paragraphs as if it were of unquestioned solidity. For example, the assertion on page 272 that Augustus "showed his hatred of Tiberius on every occasion" is admitted in a footnote to be merely a supposedly necessary inference of hatred from the fact that the failure of Augustus to recall Tiberius from his semi-exile at Rhodes was contrary to the public interest; but this sweeping inference is followed later, first by the statement that Augustus had for him "nothing but sullen hatred," and again that "his animosity had grown more bitter with age."

As to Augustus himself, the main thesis of the book is that the government of Rome under Augustus was thoroughly *republican*, not monarchical at all, and that as a matter of fact he had no intention whatever of trying to establish a monarchy. So far from wanting to nullify the Senate as an effective part of the governmental machinery, he devoted a large portion of his energies during the greater part of the successive terms for which he was chosen as "President" (be careful not to speak of his reign) to one desperate effort after another to restore that body to its former prestige and responsibility. In his oft-reiterated insistence on these points, the author hardly seems to realize that he is not breaking new ground, just as he does not realize that he is not original in his attention to the economic factor in his work as a whole. If there is anything new, as compared with the work of various others, it is rather in the extreme to which these points are pushed, and we can only say that these extremes are not adequately supported. The terms republic and monarchy are, of course, extremely elastic. Augustus was at no time a monarch if the word be pressed to the point of complete absolutism; but to convey the idea that he was the freely chosen "President" of a republic of the same fundamental type as that of the United States is to go still farther from the truth toward the opposite extreme; and that is just what Signor Ferrero does in the text of this closing volume, and briefly in the preface to the new American edition of Vol. I, where his American readers are flattered with the statement that they are better able to understand Roman history than European readers because of this basic similarity. The application of ancient experience to modern problems is, of course, one of the most useful features of historical study, but it is just the point at which the careful teacher must exercise the most rigid control of his assertions and implications. *Quod utinam Ferrerus ipse fecisset*, as Quintilian said of another writer whose brilliancy was more conspicuous than his care.

Socialism in Local Government. By W. G. Towler, with introduction by H. M. Jessel. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The author of the book is secretary of the London Municipal Society, organized in 1894 to oppose the "Progressive-Socialist" policies of the County Council. By municipal Socialism he means, of course, the "municipalization of local public services," which both the Fabians and the Municipal Society regard as the shortest and easiest road to collectivism. His purpose is to demonstrate that "municipal trading is a failure" and "perilous to the welfare of the nation."

The origin of municipal trading may perhaps be traced to ordinary "business motives" on the part of municipal authorities, but Mr. Towler has no difficulty in showing that many of its latest developments are due to the "quiet work of the administrative Socialist." If doubt could have existed, the utterances of responsible leaders of the progressivists and the vaticinations of irresponsibles, like Bernard Shaw, establish the fact beyond question. The rapid growth of municipal undertakings, reproductive (*i. e.*, commercial) and unreproductive,

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is shown by the increase of municipal debts in England and Wales from £164,879,000 in 1884 to £482,983,000 in 1906.

Mr. Towler compares the prices and quality of service under municipal management with those under private, without coming to a very definite conclusion (pp. 94-95), except that consumers may be paying in the form of rates a part of the cost of some branches of service, and that since the municipalities do not yet have the field to themselves, they feel in some degree the stimulus of competition. This stimulus, however, would be removed if municipalization should ever triumph in all parts of the field. Even as things stand, Mr. Towler finds evidence of unsound business methods, lax administration, and somewhat more actual corruption than is usually supposed to exist. Most serious of all are the holding out of bribes to municipal laborers, and some "deterioration in the character and ability of municipal councillors." Upon all these subjects—as upon the financial aspects of municipalization—there is need of further investigation by some competent authority; and for ten years past, Mr. Towler charges, the effort to secure such investigation has met the "desperate and successful resistance" of the municipal traders. Until such inquiry is had, the financial results of municipal trading cannot be precisely determined.

Partial inquiries, however, have ascertained that municipal accounting is inadequate, that accounts are not uniform, and that the returns do not show the true financial position of the undertakings. The Return of 1903, the most complete available, shows a small surplus (£378,000) upon all municipal industries; but Mr. Towler maintains that this surplus would disappear if certain expenses paid out of rates had been included, a sufficient allowance had been made for depreciation, and the rents or taxes that might have been received from private companies had been taken into account. Municipal traders are divided in opinion concerning the desirability of operating industries at a profit—Bernard Shaw considers such a policy "childish"—but it is tolerably clear that at present the question has merely theoretical interest.

As an alternative policy to municipalization, Mr. Towler proposes public regulation of companies operating under properly guarded franchises. In France and Germany he finds precedents for this policy, as well as in the British Gas Acts; and he regrets that, after the establishment of the Local Government Board in 1871, Parliament did not develop a model franchise policy which would have secured good service at reasonable prices and at the same time offered all necessary inducements to private capital. Certain it is that in this direction, and not in mere criticism of the methods and results of municipal trading, the opponents of municipal Socialism must seek effective weapons.

Egoists: A Book of Supermen. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is a little disappointing to compare the brilliant and grandiose vision of the "superman" which haunts the popular imagination with Mr. Huneker's classic representatives of that imposing and preposterous character—the vulgar "little pot-bellied" Stendhal; Flaubert, the "mouther" with the hopeless impediment in his expression; Huysmans, "the Schopenhauer of the cook-shops," with his sublime "tragedy of the gastric juices"; Barrès, Nietzsche, Stirner, Hello—all, or nearly all, gravely defective, marked in one way or another more or less conspicuously with the stamp of ineffectuality. What comfort is to be got out of them at all must be sought in their "egoism," in which at least there are but few and insignificant shortcomings. Indeed, if Mr. Huneker's intention were not of that semi-quizzical sort which delights to baffle conjecture, it would not be unreasonable to suspect a little gentle irony about the lips of his wide and desultory criticism.

But however that may be, his criticism is patently disembarrassed of prejudices. Ibsen he esteems a "lofty thinker, moralist, and satirist." If a subject is only "interesting," its quality is of no particular importance. As long as it is not dull, it may be anything, for all he cares—odd, fantastical, uncanny, morbid, lunatic. "The immortal quartet in nineteenth-century fiction" comprises la duchesse Sanseverina, Madame Marneffe, Emma Bovary, and Anna Karenina. Difference, too, is a kind of distinction. And his favorite authors, if they are not all a little mad, are more than a little "different." They are, each in his own way, "the perfect expression of romantic and anti-social individualism." Naturally, among other lumber, he has rid himself of leading ideas and general principles. His criticism is essentially a criticism of surfaces, intersecting by some critical necromancy in points.

Travelling as he does without baggage, he has great lightness, versatility, and assurance. He is never at a loss, but always ready to alight and be off again in a twinkling. He is not even hampered by the restrictions of composition, for he has none to speak of. He is nothing if not casual. His best things are invariably by the way. Baudelaire was "a poet of ideal, spleen, and music"; Edmond de Goncourt, a "sublime old gossip"; Renan, "a cork soul"; Huysmans, "a Hamlet doubting his digestion." In his passage he sets in circulation a little air of irresponsibility, which is, no doubt, vastly refreshing and exhilarating after the stagnation of serious criticism. His characterization of Hello is excellent in its kind. He frequently draws blood, but he seldom dissects. He never gets to the bottom of anything, never touches the nerve that galvanizes the whole man. His criticism is a kind of fine spray; he atomizes, rather than anatomizes, his author. His subject diffuses in the warmth of his hand into an impalpable vapor, instead of condensing into its more stable elements. You are surprised to find so small a residuum at the end. So of Anatole France:

> An art, ironical, easy, fugitive, divinely untrammelled, divinely artificial, which, like a pure flame, blazes forth in an unclouded heaven . . . *la gaya scienza;* light feet; wit; fire; grace; the dance of the stars; the tremor of southern light; the smooth sea—these Nietzschean phrases might serve as an epigraph for the work of that apostle of innocence and experience, Anatole France.

Such is the *procédé.*

Science.

The Life of a Fossil-Hunter. By Charles H. Sternberg; with an introduction by Henry Fairfield Osborn. [American Nature Series.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

Any book for which Professor Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History is willing to stand sponsor by an introduction, is worthy of attention from readers interested in palæontology. One therefore takes up this volume with an expectation of good things that is not disappointed. The vast and unique fossil fields of North America, under the inspiring and directing genius of Profs. E. D. Cope and O. C. Marsh and their able associates and successors, gave birth to a new occupation—that of the professional fossil-hunter. On the honorable list of the devoted pioneers of this new vocation, says Professor Osborn, "is the author of this work, who by his untiring energy has contributed some of the finest specimens which now adorn the shelves and cases of the great museums of America and Europe. . . . His is a career full of adventure, of self-sacrifice, worthy of lasting record and recognition by all lovers of nature." Mr. Sternberg seems to have had a real "calling" to what became his life-work. Even as a boy, he used to cut out shells from the limestone strata of his native region near Otsego Lake, New York. At the age of seventeen, as an emigrant into the opening frontiers of Kansas, he found that the neighboring hills, topped with red sandstone, contained the impressions of fossil leaves like those of our existing forests. He had fallen upon a formation which belongs to the Dakota group of the cretaceous period. Its

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sedimentary rocks had been laid down during the close of the "age of reptiles" in a great ocean whose shore lines entered Kansas, and, extending northwesterly to Nebraska and Iowa, passed on to Greenland. This circumstance, recalling the vivid impressions of boyhood, led the youth to determine to make it his business "to collect facts from the crust of the earth, that thus men might learn more of the introduction and succession of life upon the earth."

Thenceforth, young Sternberg collected and prepared fossil leaves with an enthusiasm and inborn skill that has persisted until now. His first collection was sent to Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, who greatly encouraged him. In 1872, a personal interview with the eminent palæobotanist, Dr. Leo Lesquereux, confirmed and directed his pursuit. But it was not until the winter of 1875-76, while a student at Kansas State Agricultural College, that he received the final impulse that launched him upon the career which this book records. An expedition was then and there forming under Professor Marsh for collecting American fossil vertebrates for Yale University. Sternberg vainly applied for a place on this expedition. Then it occurred to him to write Professor Cope of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The response came promptly, enclosing $300 for an outfit, and bidding him go to work. Thus began a connection that continued for a number of years, indeed, until early death cut short Professor Cope's remarkable career. Among the most entertaining pages in the book are those which cover the author's relations with that distinguished naturalist. Those were the days of the keen rivalry—at times, perhaps, too hotly pressed—between Marsh and Cope. Scarcely more than a trace of this appears in the "Fossil Hunter"; but the fact gives a special interest to the tale of the adventurous, laborious, and expensive methods by which was obtained the wonderful material that fed the high ambitions that fired the scientific contest between these two great captains of palæontology, whose names and works are illustrious in the annals of American naturalists. The incidents related of Professor Cope, especially during an expedition when he personally shared and directed the work afield, are most interesting, particularly to Cope's old friends and associates.

Excursions in search of the fossil remains of the extinct animals of the Kansas Chalk, the Loup Fork beds, the Oregon Desert, the John Day River region, and the Permian of Texas, take up the body of the work. One shares, as one reads, the enthusiasm of the author, in his pursuit of the immense creatures of those eras when our present continent was being formed. As the author has given many plates and cuts of fossil remains, and a number of admirable restorations, one is better able to understand the reason for this enthusiasm. Certainly, when we reflect that a large part of the civilized world is showing a keen interest in our ex-Presidential Nimrod, as he goes to hunt the large game of Africa, it does not seem irrational that we should follow with sympathy and appreciation the story of a hunter of the animal forms which inhabited the ancient world; and which as compared with the vertebrates of our era, were as giants to pygmies, and in structure abounded in the highest significance, as throwing light upon the history of evolution. Moreover, it may be said that, although the author does not pose as an original and scientific investigator, one cannot read his book without getting a good general view of current palæontology, and of many of its chief promoters, both of the present and of the past. The work of the publishers is entitled to approval, not only for clear typography, but for illustrations and general make-up.

The urgent demand in China for Western medical and surgical knowledge has led to the recent completion and publication of an English-Chinese Medical Dictionary under the auspices of the China Medical Missionary Association. It contains 15,000 selected terms. This work has made possible for the first time the translation of the best medical text-books into Chinese. At the recent China Centenary Missionary Conference a resolution was passed requesting the missionary societies to unite in the support of one or two suitable men for the work of translation.

Drama.

A GLEAM OF HOPE FOR THE THEATRE.

It begins to look as if some of the magnates who have acquired the control of most of our theatrical affairs during the last ten or twenty years were becoming conscious of the weak points in their syndicate system and seeking to escape threatened disaster by a reversion, in part at least, to older and sounder methods. Of two facts, patent to all observers, they, as shrewd business men of their kind, must be fully aware. They must know that all actors and actresses of the first rank in this country have practically disappeared without leaving any successors to take their places, and that there is no certain source to which they can look for capable recruits. Such recruits must be found, or nothing can stop that progressive degeneration of the theatre which has already reduced it almost to the level of the music-halls.

Threatened with the total alienation of the more intelligent classes, it is not surprising that an astute manager—suddenly realizing the logical consequences of a policy as fatal to artistic training as it is to vital competition—should be quick to see the significance of the movements on both sides of the Atlantic in favor of the old-time stock-company theatre. These are not only indicative of a widespread discontent with the results of syndicate methods, but are suggestive of a coming rivalry which is not to be lightly disregarded. There was not much to be feared from the sporadic experiments of the various independent organizations which have arisen and subsided, at intervals, here and in London. Most of them were rashly conceived and unwisely conducted. But some of them, notably those of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker and of Mr. Otho Stuart, were not only rich in actual achievement, but afforded encouraging proof of the financial possibility of a literary, artistic, and intellectual theatre. It was the work of these pioneers that helped to form and develop the public demand that has called the National Shakespearean Memorial Theatre scheme into existence in England—with what ultimate results it remains to be seen—and has now brought about concerted action by a number of influential believers in the theatre for the establishment of a chain of repertory houses, of a high class, in London and the provinces.

The director of the new enterprise is Herbert Trench, a fellow of All Souls, Oxford, himself the author of superior plays and an official long engaged in educational affairs. His plan is to buttress the idealistic drama with plays of a more popular character. In alternation with the play of ideas, he will give revivals of the best modern drama, of Shakespearean pieces, and of the older comedy, together with selected works of famous foreign dramatists, such, for instance, as "The Blue Bird" of Maeterlinck. No plays are to be excluded on account of their character, so long as they are good examples of their special class. The main object will be entertainment upon catholic, but select, lines. The extension of the scheme into the provinces is provided for by the absorption of the Theatrical Organization Society, which has been making the necessary preparations in the principal cities and towns for a considerable period. Influential local committees have been appointed, social and financial backing has been secured, and the whole campaign seems to have been organized upon a substantial and workmanlike basis.

The best laid plans of mice and men are apt to miscarry, and it would be foolish to indulge in premature jubilation; but this scheme really does bear the ap-

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pearance of an effective stroke toward the ultimate regeneration of the English-speaking stage. There is at least good ground for hoping that within three or four years there will be half-a-dozen or more repertory theatres, to supplement the missionary work hitherto carried on by Mr. Benson's repertory company and one or two others. That they will continue to multiply as their superior powers of attraction are more generally recognized need not be doubted, and with their increase in numbers will come the needed supply of all-round actors, and, in due time, that honest and healthful competition which is the soul of all artistic inspiration.

With characteristic promptness in following a good lead, Charles Frohman has determined to have his own repertory theatres in London and New York. His scheme is excellent of its kind, but does not necessarily thus far involve any wide departure from his former policy. But his contracts with Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, J. M. Barrie, and Bernard Shaw enable him to sketch an attractive programme, and his bid for good one-act plays ought to bear fruit. Apparently, he has been doing violence to his own convictions all this long while. He acknowledges that there is a public demand—in London, at all events—for the higher drama, and that there are commercial, as well as artistic, objections to the long run. Such utterances coming from his lips have an heretical sound, but his conversion, if sincere and lasting, is a subject not for mockery, but congratulation. He and his allies, with their control of authors, plays, and actors, wield an enormous power for good as well as for mischief, and could, if they chose, establish a chain of repertory theatres which might prove dangerous rivals even to the New Theatre itself. Greater miracles than this have been wrought by the power of the popular will.

The English theatre in Germany is now reported to be an accomplished fact. Engagements have been made and rehearsals have begun. Mme. Meta Illing is the directress. The first performance will be given on May 17 at Wiesbaden, and will form part of the Imperial command dramatic festival given during the German Emperor's visit to that town. The play selected is R. C. Carton's comedy, "Mr. Hopkinson." The cast will include Herbert Waring, Miss Fortescue, Dawson Milward, Miss Ellen O'Malley, Mr. Sothern, and Frank Stanmore. Nigel Playfair is the producer and general stage manager. After playing in Wiesbaden, the company will proceed to Karlsruhe. Darmstadt, and Frankfurt, giving a few performances in each of these towns, including two performances of Mr. Shaw's "Candida."

There is uncommon unanimity among the London critics concerning the general literary and dramatic feebleness of "The Conquest," an adaptation by "George Fleming" from Balzac's "La Duchesse de Langeais," which has just been produced in the London Lyric Theatre by Lewis Waller, with himself and Maxine Elliott in the principal characters. Nothing of Balzac seems to have been left in the piece except the extravagance; and scenes intended to be thrilling provoked innocent laughter.

Music.

Verily, William Ashton Ellis, Wagner's chief apostle in England, is as far superior to all other index makers as his idol is to all other opera composers. Mr. Ellis is apparently devoting his whole life to the translating of Wagner's prose writings and letters into English, and whereas the German volumes have no indexes at all, his versions are always followed by pages that are simply invaluable to those who, without having time to read everything that Wagner wrote, desire information on this or that point relating to his life and works. The latest achievement of Mr. Ellis is a translation of Wagner's letters to his first wife, Minna, which has been published in two volumes (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). There is an index of no fewer than forty-two columns. One of these columns is taken up with references to Wagner's experiences in London, and the most conspicuous entry (25 references) is under "longs to leave." The references to "Lohengrin" occupy a column, those to "Tristan" another. Minna has three columns, Wagner himself four, subdivided according to topics: abode, acrobatics, age, amnesty, animals ("see also Dogs"), birthday, childless, climbing, conductor, conjugal love (45 entries), courtship, diet, domesticity, dreams, dress, early to bed, excitability, and twenty-five other topics, including health, reading, solitude (68 entries), sensitiveness to noise, walks (61 entries), productivity. Under money matters we read "see Minna, allowance to, *and almost every other page.*" In addition to this illuminating index, Mr. Ellis contributes an introduction of fourteen pages, in which he discusses various points in the tragic conjugal life of Richard and Minna Wagner, the most ill-mated couple that were ever brought together. "My marriage—not a soul knows what I have suffered through that," he wrote to his sister in 1866. Now all the world can read the story. The fact that Minna preserved these letters, containing so many lamentations and reproaches, is noted by Mr. Ellis as one of her good traits:

> It is as though she dimly foresaw the day when herself she might be instrumental in triumphantly clearing her husband's name from calumnies reposing on a false assumption of her "martyrdom."

But why are not her own letters to her husband given to the world, too? Is it because they are not of any literary interest, Minna's mind having been of a purely domestic kind, or are there things in them the Bayreuth folk would rather keep suppressed? Perhaps they will be issued later on; nearly every year sees a new volume of Wagner letters, the latest being collections of those he wrote to the artists who helped him at Bayreuth, and of those received by his mother, sisters, and nieces. These *Familienbriefe* Mr. Ellis promises to translate next if there is a sufficient demand for the letters to Minna to warrant such a step. The letters to Minna need not be further commented on here, as they were reviewed at some length in the *Nation* of May 7, 1908, when the German edition appeared.

Two decades ago it was still customary for expert flute-players to give recitals at which they exhibited their skill. To-day such a recital would not be likely to attract either critics or music-lovers—not, at any rate, in musical centres. The cloying richness of modern orchestral works has made the tone of the flute seem too pallid and monotonous to satisfy the ear for a whole evening. In the orchestra itself, on the other hand, the flute plays a more important part than ever, especially in the scores of Wagner, Tchaikovsky, and Strauss. For this growing importance the flute is largely indebted to the improvements, technical and tonal, made by the Bavarian court musician, Theobald Boehm. In 1871 Boehm published a little book in which he described these improvements and discoursed on the flute and flute-playing in general. He hoped it would be translated into other languages, including English; but this hope has only just been realized. With the consent of Boehm's grandson, Dayton C. Miller has made an English version which he has published in Cincinnati. It contains many useful hints both as regards the execution of florid music (which operatic audiences still dote on) and the expressive playing of sustained melodies.

"Songs Every One Should Know," edited by Clifton Johnson and published by the American Book Co. (Cincinnati), is a collection of two hundred favorite songs for school and home, intended to stimulate a love of good music "by the simple charm of the songs themselves." It is a good collection of its kind, and the songs are divided into groups: national hymns, war songs, ballads, Scotch songs, nature songs, college, minstrel, plantation, religious songs, and others. Coarseness and extreme sentimentality are carefully avoided.

After an absence of ten years, the eminent violinist, Willy Burmester, intends to make an American tour in 1910-11.

Art.

THE ART COLLECTOR: HIS FORTES AND FOIBLES.

Morally considered, the art collector is tainted with the fourth deadly sin; pathologically, he is often afflicted by a degree of mania. His distinguished kinsman, the connoisseur, scorns him as a kind of mercenary, or at best a manner of renegade. I shall never forget the expression with which a great connoisseur—who possesses one of the finest private collections in the Val d'Arno—in speaking of a famous colleague, declared, "Oh, X——! Why, X—— is merely a collector." The implication is, of course, that the one who loves art truly and knows it thoroughly will find full satisfaction in an enjoyment devoid alike of envy or the thought of possession. He is to adore

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all beautiful objects with a Platonic fervor to which the idea of acquisition and domestication is repugnant. Before going into this lofty argument, I should perhaps explain the collection of my scornful friend. He would have said: "I see that as I put X—— in his proper place, you look at my pictures and smile. You have rightly divined that they are of some rarity, of a sort, in fact, for which X—— and his kind would sell their immortal souls. But I beg you to note that these pictures and bits of sculpture have been bought not at all for their rarity, nor even for their beauty as such, but simply because of their appropriateness as decorations for this particular villa. They represent not my energy as a collector, nor even my zeal as a connoisseur, but simply my normal activity as a man of taste. In this villa it happens that Italian old masters seem the proper material for decoration. In another house or in another land you might find me employing, again solely for decorative purposes, the prints of Japan, the landscapes of the modern impressionists, the rugs of the East, or the blankets of the Arizona desert. Free me, then, from the reproach implied in that covert leer at my Early Sienese." Yes, we must, I think, exclude from the ranks of the true zealots all who in any plausible fashion utilize the objects of art they buy. Excess, the craving to possess what he apparently does not need, is the mark of your true collector.

Now these visionaries—at least the true ones—honor each other according to the degree of "eye" that each possesses. By "eye" the collector means a faculty of discerning a fine object quickly and instinctively. And, in fact, the trained eye becomes a magically fine instrument. It detects the fractions of a millimetre by which a copy belies its original. In colors it distinguishes nuances that a moderately trained vision will declare non-existent. Nor is the trained collector bound by the evidence of the eye alone. Of certain things he knows the taste or adhesiveness. His ear grasps the true ring of certain potteries, porcelains, or qualities of beaten metal. I know an expert on Japanese pottery who, when a sixth sense tells him that two pots apparently identical come really from different kilns, puts them behind his back and refers the matter from his retina to his finger-tips. Thus alternately challenged and trusted, the eye should become extraordinarily expert. A Florentine collector once saw in a junk-shop a marble head of beautiful workmanship. Ninety-nine amateurs out of a hundred would have said, "What a beautiful copy!" for the same head is exhibited in a famous museum and is reproduced in pasteboard, clay, metal, and stone *ad nauseam*. But this collector gave the apparent copy a second look and a third. He reflected that the example in the museum was itself no original, but a school-piece, and as he gazed the conviction grew that here was the original. Since it was closing time, and the marble heavy, a bargain was struck for the morrow. After an anxious night, this fortunate amateur returned in a cab to bring home what criticism now admits is a superb Desiderio da Settignano. The incident illustrates capitally the combination of keenness and patience that goes to make the collector's eye.

We may divide collectors into those who play the game and those who do not. The wealthy gentleman who gives *carte blanche* to his dealers and agents is merely a spoil-sport. He makes what should be a matter of adroitness simply an issue of brute force. He robs of all delicacy what from the first glow of discovery to actual possession should be a fine transaction. Not only does he lose the real pleasures of the chase, but he raises up a special clan of sycophants to part him and his money. A mere handful of such—amassers, let us say—have demoralized the art market. According to the length of their purses, collectors may also be divided into those who seek and those who are sought. Wisdom lies in making the most of either condition. The seekers unquestionably get more pleasure; the sought achieve the more imposing results. The seekers depend chiefly on their own judgment, buying preferably of those who know less than themselves; the sought depend upon the judgment of those who know more than themselves, and, naturally, must pay for such vicarious expertise. And, rightly, they pay dear. Let no one who buys of a great dealer imagine that he pays simply the cost of an object plus a generous percentage of profit. No, much-sought amateur, you pay the rent of that palace in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue; you pay the salary of the gentlemanly assistant or partner whose time is at your disposal during your too rare visits; you pay the commissions of an army of agents throughout the world; you pay, alas! too often the cost of securing false "sale records" in classic auction rooms; and, finally, it is only too probable that you pay also a heavy secret commission to the disinterested friend who happened to remark there was an uncommonly fine object in Y——'s gallery. By a cheerful acquiescence in the suggestions that are daily made to you, you may accumulate old masters as impersonally, as genteelly, let me say, as you do railway bonds. But, of course, under these circumstances you must not expect bargains.

Now, in objects that are out of the fashion—a category including always many of the best things—and if approached in slack times, the great dealers will occasionally afford bargains, but in general the economically minded collector, who is not necessarily the poor one, must intercept his prey before it reaches the capitals. That it makes all the difference from whom and where you buy, let a recent example attest. A year or two ago a fine Giorgionesque portrait was offered to an American amateur by a famous London dealer. At $60,000 the refusal was granted for a few days only, subject to cable response. The photograph was tempting, but the besought amateur, knowing that the authenticity of the average Giorgione is somewhat less certain than, say, the period of the Book of Job, let the opportunity pass. A few months after learning of this incident, I had the pleasure of meeting in Florence an English art critic who expatiated upon the beauty of a Giorgione that he had just acquired at the very reasonable price of $15,000. For particulars he referred me to one of the great dealers of Florence. The portrait, as I already suspected, was the one I had heard of in America. Forty-five thousand dollars represented the difference between buying it of a London rather than a Florentine dealer. Of course, the picture itself had never left Florence at all, the limited refusal and the rest were merely part of the usual comedy played between the great dealer and his client. On the other hand, if the lucky English collector had had the additional good fortune to make his find in an Italian auction-room or at a small dealer's, he would probably have paid little more than $5,000, while the same purchase made of a wholly ignorant dealer or direct from the reduced family who sold this ancestor might have been made for a few hundred francs. With the seekers obviously lie all the mystery and romance of the pursuit. The rest surely need not be envied to the sought. One thinks of Consul J. J. Jarves gradually getting together that little collection of Italian primitives, at New Haven, which, scorned in his lifetime and actually foreclosed for a trifling debt, is now an object of pilgrimage for European amateurs and experts. One recalls the mouse-like activities of the Brothers Dutuit, unearthing here a gorgeous enamel, retrieving there a Rembrandt drawing, fetching out a Gothic ivory from a junkshop. One sighs for those days, and declares that they are forever past. Does not the sage M. Eudel warn us that there are no more finds—"Surtout ne comptez plus sur les trouvailles." Yet only the other day I mildly chid a seeker, him of the Desiderio, for not having one of his rare pictures photographed for the use of students. He smiled and admitted that I was perfectly right, but added pleadingly, "You know a negative costs about twenty francs, and for that one may often get an original." Why, even I who write—but I have promised

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that this essay shall not exceed 4,000 words.

For the poor collector, however, the money consideration remains a source of manifold embarrassment, morally and otherwise. How many an enthusiast has justified an extravagant purchase by a flattering prevision of profits accruing to his widow and orphans? Let the recording angel reply. And such hopes are at times justified. There have been instances of men refused by the life insurance companies who have deliberately adopted the alternative of collecting for investment, and have done so successfully. Obviously, such persons fall into the class which the French call charitably the *marchand-amateur*. Note, however, that the merchant comes first. Now, to be a poor yet reasonably successful collector without becoming a *marchand-amateur* requires moral tact and resolution. The seeker of the short purse naturally becomes a sort of expert in prices. As he prowls he sees many fine things which he neither covets nor could afford to keep, but which are offered at prices temptingly below their value in the great shops. The temptation is strong to buy and resell. Naturally, one profitable transaction of this sort leads to another, and soon the amateur is in the attitude of "making the collection pay for itself." The inducement is so insidious that I presume there are rather few persistent collectors not wealthy who are not in a measure dealers. Now, to deal or not to deal might seem purely a matter of social and business expediency. But the issue really lies deeper. The difficulty is that of not letting your left hand know what your right hand does. A morally ambidextrous person may do what he pleases. He keeps the dealer and collector apart, and subject to his will one or the other emerges. The feat is too difficult for average humanity. In nearly every case a prolonged struggle will end in favor of the commercial self. I have followed the course of many collector-dealers, and I know very few instances in which the collection has not averaged down to the level of a shop—a fine shop, perhaps, but still a shop. I blame no man for following the wide road, but I feel more kinship with him who walks scrupulously in the narrow path of strict amateurism. Let me hasten to add that there are times when everybody must sell. Collections must periodically be weeded out; one may be hard up and sell his pictures as another in similar case his horses; artists will naturally draw into their studios beautiful objects which, occasion offering, they properly sell. With these obvious exceptions the line is absolutely sharp. Did you buy a thing to keep? Then you are an amateur, though later your convenience or necessity dictates a sale. Did you buy it to sell? Then you are a dealer.

The safety of the little collector lies in specialization, and there, too, lies his surest satisfaction. To have a well-defined specialty immediately simplifies the quest. There are many places where one need never go. Moreover, where nature has provided fair intelligence, one must die very young in order not to die an expert. As I write I think of D——, one of the last surviving philosophers. Born with the instincts of a man of letters, he declined to give himself to the gentler pursuit until he had made a little competence at the law. As he followed his disinterested course of writing and travel, his enthusiasm centred upon the antiquities of Greece and Rome. In the engraved gems of that time he found a beautiful epitome of his favorite studies. For ten years study and collecting have gone patiently hand in hand. He possesses some fifty classical gems, many of the best Greek period, all rare and interesting from material, subject, or workmanship, and he may have spent a hundred dollars in the process, but I rather doubt it. He knows his subject as well as he loves it. Some day he will write a book on intaglios, and it will be a good one. Meanwhile, if the fancy takes him to visit the site of the Bactrian Empire, he has only to put his collection in his pocket and enjoy it *en route*. I cannot too highly commend his example, and yet his course is too austere for many of us. Has untrammelled curiosity no charms? Would I, for example, forego my casual kakemonos, my ignorantly acquired majolica, some trifling accumulation of Greek coins, that handful of Eastern rugs? Could I prune away certain excrescent minor Whistlers? those bits of ivory cutting from old Italy and Japan? those tarnished Tuscan panels?—in truth, I could and would not. Yet had I stuck to my first love, prints, I should by this time be mentioned respectfully among the initiated, my name would be found in the card-catalogues of the great dealers, my decease would be looked forward to with resignation by my junior colleagues. As it is, after twenty years of collecting, and an expenditure shameful in one of my fiscal estate, I have nothing that even courtesy itself could call a collection. In apology, I may plead only the sting of unchartered curiosity, the adventurous thrill of buying on half or no knowledge, the joy of an instinctive sympathy that, irrespective of boundaries, knows its own when it sees it. And you austerely single-minded amateurs, you experts that surely shall be, I revere if I may not follow you.

We have left dangling from the first paragraph the morally important question, Is collecting merely an habitual contravention of the tenth commandment? Now, I am far from denying that collecting has its pathology, even its criminology, if you will. The mere lust of acquisition may take the ugly form of coveting what one neither loves nor understands. This pit is digged for the rich collector. Poor collectors, on the other hand, have at times forgotten where enterprise ends and kleptomania begins. But these excesses are, after all, rare, and for that matter they are merely those that attach to all exaggerations of legitimate passion. As for the notion that one should love beautiful things without desiring them, it seems to me to lie perilously near a sort of pseudo-Platonism, which, wherever it recurs, is the enemy of life itself. As I write, my eye falls upon a Japanese sword-guard. I have seen it a thousand times, but I never fail to feel the same thrill. Out of the disk of blued steel the artisan has worked the soaring form of a bird with upraised wings. It is indicated in skeleton fashion by bars extraordinarily energetic, yet suavely modulated. There must have been feeling and intelligence in every touch of the chisel and file that wrought it. Could that same object seen occasionally in a museum showcase afford me any comparable pleasure? Is not the education of the eye, like the education of the sentiments, dependent upon stable associations that can be many times repeated? Shall I seem merely covetous because I crave besides the casual and adventurous contact with beauty in the world, a gratification which is sure and ever waiting for me? But let me cite rather a certain collector and man of great affairs, who perforce spends his days in adjusting business interests that extend from the arctic snows to the tropics. His evenings belong generally to his friends, for he possesses in a rare degree the art of companionship. The small hours are his own, and frequently he spends them in painting beautiful copies of his Japanese potteries. It is his homage to the artisans who contrived those strange forms and imagined those gorgeous glazes. In the end he will have a catalogue illustrated from his own designs. Meanwhile, he knows his potteries as the shepherd knows his flock. What casuist will find the heart to deny him so innocent a pleasure? And he merely represents in a very high degree the sort of priestliness that the true collector feels towards his temporary possessions.

And this sense of the high, nay, supreme value of beautiful things, has its evident uses. That the beauty of art has not largely perished from the earth is due chiefly to the collector. He interposes his sensitiveness between the insensibility of the average man and the always exiled thing of beauty. If we have in a fractional measure the art treasures of the past, it has been because the collector has given them asylum. Museums, all manner of overt public activities, derive ultimately from

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his initiative. It is he who asserts the continuity of art and illustrates its dignity. The stewardship of art is manifold, but no one has a clearer right to that honorable title. "Private vices, public virtues," I hear a cynical reader murmur. So be it. I am ready to stand with the latitudinarian Mandeville. The view makes for charity. I only plead that he who covets his neighbor's tea-jar—I assume a desirable one, say, in old brown Kioto—shall be judged less harshly than he who covets his neighbor's ox.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

We have been somewhat remiss in noticing the successive numbers of the *Burlington Magazine* as they appeared, and must now dispose of three numbers at once: those of the quarter from February 15 to April 15 inclusive. Taking them thus together, one is even more impressed by their purely technical and antiquarian interest than when they appeared. They are almost entirely devoted to delicate points of connoisseurship and the exploration of by-ways of art history and criticism. They not only deal little with contemporary or modern art, but rarely with the great masters, containing only three short articles on "The Early Development of Correggio," the discovery of a so-called Leonardo at Milan, and a possible copy after Giorgione, respectively. For modern art there is an account of some interesting portraits by the English Alfred Stevens, some notes on contemporary portraits in the recent "Fair Women" exhibition, and two articles on the late Charles Conder, whose work, as here reproduced, hardly seems to justify the enthusiasm of Mr. Ricketts. It is only fair to say that Mr. Conder is described as essentially a colorist; therefore his best qualities are probably absent from black and white translation. Art in America is represented only by Oriental pottery and fourteenth century pictures. The magazine is interesting—essential even—to collectors, directors of museums, and the like, but it seems a pity that it should not more often treat in its scholarly manner matter of wider general interest.

Finance.

A QUESTION OF "WHEAT FAMINE."

It appears to be a matter of common agreement, in the grain trade, that the present situation regarding available wheat supplies is one which has rarely arisen in our recent history. The unusual thing is the abnormal price offered and paid for wheat by millers, at localities where it can scarcely be supposed that a speculative corner, in the usual sense at any rate, exists. In its most familiar form, a wheat corner arises from the purchase, by a powerful speculator, of contracts to deliver wheat to him at a stipulated date and in a stipulated market, in quantity greater than the available supply will make possible. Now, the process of cornering the dealers who have contracted for such deliveries will naturally be facilitated to the extent that the corner manipulator gets into his own hands the actual wheat on which the contractors had relied for their deliveries. In a measure, such a condition existed in "May contracts" during Mr. Patten's recent speculations on the Chicago Board of Trade.

But there has been, from the first, one unusual circumstance in the present case. A corner such as has just been described will ordinarily have two results—first, the price of "wheat futures" on the market where the corner exists will be relatively higher than in the country at large, and, secondly, the movement of actual wheat will be in the direction of that market. Now, neither of these exists to-day. Last week's market closed, for instance, with wheat for May delivery selling at $1.27¾ per bushel on the Chicago Board of Trade. This, it is true, was 22 cents a bushel above the price of a year ago. But the actual cash price for wheat on the New York market last Saturday was $1.44, or 33½ cents higher than a year ago. Not only so, but in the heart of the wheat country itself, millers have been paying such prices as $1.40 and $1.50 per bushel, purely for wheat to grind. Chicago dispatches tell us that wheat which was sold from Kansas City to Chicago two weeks ago, has since been resold and re-shipped to Kansas City at an advance of 10 cents or more. Within the present month, a fairly large amount of wheat, stored in New York, was actually sent by steamer to Galveston and thence forwarded by rail to markets in the wheat belt. Whatever may be said of Mr. Patten's recent exploit—and operations to force up the price are certainly no more respectable because there are signs of genuine scarcity—it should be plain that a peculiar and striking situation has arisen in the grain trade at large.

It need not be inferred, from the conditions thus shown to exist in the markets, that we are confronted by anything like exhaustion of wheat supplies. When the trade talks of the farm supply of wheat in Kansas or Nebraska being "used up," the expression is relative. The Agricultural Department's first March estimate of 143,000,000 bushels left on the country's farms from the crop of 1908, is disputed by the trade. The best-known private expert estimated 125,000,000; trade calculations ran as low as 100,000,000. But even if the lowest estimate were accepted, deliveries at market since March 1 have hardly reached 25,000,000 bushels; so that deliveries at the same rate, between now and the July harvest time, would still leave sufficient margin. The stock of wheat in granary in this country is actually some 7,000,000 bushels larger than it was a year ago, although 30,000,000 bushels less than in May, 1907. Europe is worse off for supplies on hand than we are; its storehouses now hold 21,000,000 bushels less than a year ago, and 34,000,000 less than two years ago. But between now and the harvest, it has the Argentine exports to count on—which, though somewhat disappointing in quantity, will probably serve the purpose—or, at a pinch, it may reckon on the habitual makeshift of European consumers, the substitution of rye for wheat flour.

In brief, then, the real problem is not the feeding of the bread-consuming world this season, but to what extent the harvests of 1909 will rectify matters. The world's "visible supply" in the spring-time has been lower on other occasions than it is to-day; in May, 1898, for instance, it got down to 111,223,000 bushels, as against 118,800,000 estimated this month; but an increase of 600,000,000 bushels, or 27 per cent., in the world's yield of wheat that summer—a result largely brought about by the actual needs of consuming markets and by the high price offered in the preceding season—very quickly restored supplies to normal. The tendency, this year, will be the same; the doubtful question necessarily remains whether home and foreign weather will favor the wheat-grower as it did eleven years ago.

The season did not begin altogether favorably, this year; crops even now are not so far advanced as they should be, here or abroad, and this is perhaps the real explanation of the extraordinarily high prices asked for wheat, even on the farms. It must not be forgotten that a speculative period, such as the present time unquestionably is, finds expression not only in high bids by professional speculators for merchandise which they do not own, but in the holding-back of their merchandise for still higher prices by producers who actually possess it. Yet other seasons have started out with as indifferent promise as has 1909, and ended brilliantly. The next month or two will settle the question. Until then, it would be premature to discuss the results of another deficient harvest, coming on the present singular position of supplies. That it would be a calamity, no one is likely to deny; fortunately, it is a far less probable calamity, with the world-wide extension of area under wheat culture during the decade past, than it has been at any previous time.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Gardner W. Our Naval War with France. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Bateson, W. Mendel's Principles of Heredity. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Bindloss, Harold. Thrice Armed. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Cain, Georges. Walks in Paris. Translated by Alfred Allinson. Macmillan. $2 net.
Canning, George, and His Friends: Containing Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Jeux d'Esprit, etc. Edited by Capt. Josceline Bagot. 2 vols. Dutton. $9 net.
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Crampton, C. Ward. The Folk Dance Book: For Elementary Schools, Class Room, Playground, and Gymnasium. A. S. Barnes. $1.50.
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Department of Education of the City of New York. Ninth Annual Report.
De Quincey's Literary Criticism. Edited by H. Darbishire. Henry Frowde.
Desnoyers, Louis. Les Mésaventures de Jean-Paul Choppart. Edited by C. Fontaine. Boston: D. C. Heath, 40 cts.
Devine, Edward T. Misery and Its Causes. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Eaton, D. Cady. A Handbook of Modern French Painting. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Edicts of Asoka. Edited in English, with an Introductory and Commentary, by Vincent A. Smith. Henry Frowde.
Elementary Reader of French History. Edited by Freeman M. Josselyn and L. Raymond Talbot. Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Esenwein, J. Berg. Writing the Short Story: A Practical Handbook. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge. $1.
Finot, Jean. The Philosophy of Long Life. Translated by Harry Roberts. John Lane Co. $2.50 net.
Fogazzaro's Pereat Rochus and Un' Idea di Ermes Torranza. Edited by Alfonso de Salvio. Boston: D. C. Heath. 40 cts.
Gibson's Manual, 1909. Gibson Publishing Co. $5.
Gibson, Thomas. Library of Speculation and Investment; Market Letters for 1907; Weekly Letters for 1908, Vols. I and II; Special Market Letters (and Charts); The Increasing Gold Supply; Pitfalls of Speculation; Cycles of Speculation. Gibson Publishing Co.
Glasgow, Ellen. The Romance of a Plain Man. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hapgood, Hutchins. An Anarchist Woman. Duffield & Co. $1.25.
Hastings, G. W. A Vindication of Warren Hastings. Henry Frowde.
Hazard, Daniel L. Observations Made at the Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory at Sitka, Alaska, 1902-1904. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Henry, O. Roads of Destiny. Doubleday, Page.
Hough, B. Olney. Elementary Lessons in Exporting. Johnston Export Publishing Co.
Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. XXV and XXVI. Henry Frowde.
Jervey, Theodore D. Robert Y. Hayne and His Times. Macmillan. $3 net.
Johnston, J. Wastage of Child Life, as Exemplified by Conditions in Lancashire. London: A. C. Fifield.
Kipling Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Edited by Mary E. Burt and W. T. Chapin. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Lees, Frederic. A Summer in Touraine. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $2.75 net.
Legge, Ronald. The Hawk: A Story of Aerial War. John McBride Co.
Lovell, Lucile. The Voices of the Trees. Published by the author.
Marden, Orison Swett. Not the Salary But the Opportunity. Thomas Y. Crowell. 10 cents net.
Marlowe, Christopher. The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus. Sturgis & Walton Co. 45 cts.
Meeting, 1908. Baltimore: Waverly Press.
Metour, Eugene Paul. In the Wake of the Green Banner. Scribner. $1.50.
Mighels, Mrs. Philip Verrill. The Full Glory of Diantha. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.50.
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O'Neill, Rose. The Lady in the White Veil. Harper. $1.50.
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Peck, Harry Thurston. Studies in Several Literatures. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Proceedings of the Second Annual Playground Congress, 1908. Playground Association of America.
Reeves, Alfred G. A Treatise on the Law of Real Estate. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown.
Robertson, Harriette Gunn. Mary of Magdala. A Tale of the First Century. Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.
Sedgwick, Arthur George. Elements of the Law of Damages: A Handbook for the Use of Students and Practitioners. Boston: Little, Brown.
Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man, and Human Welfare. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Steiner, Edwin A. Tolstoy: The Man and His Message. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Stevenson, Burton E. The Quest for the Rose of Sharon. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.25.
Travis, Walter J. Practical Golf. Harper. $2 net.
Warner, Anne. In a Mysterious Way. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Warren, Charles. History of the Harvard Law School and of Early Legal Conditions in America. 3 vols. Lewis Publishing Co.
Waylen, Hector. Mountain Pathways: A Study in the Ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. London: Sherratt & Hughes.
Webb, Mrs. Sidney, and others. Socialism and National Minimum. London: A. C. Fifield.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. Set in Silver. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
Woodman, Albert S. A Treatise on the Law of Trustees in Bankruptcy. Boston: Little, Brown.
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